IMPROVEMENT ERA

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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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A TRIBUTE TO JOSEPH SMITH

Dedicated to his Followers and to the Unanimity of Christian Love

[A prominent citizen, and sculptor of note, of Los Angeles, passed through the yet undedicated temple at Mesa, Arizona, and penned this tribute to the prophet.—*Editors.*]

I saw the Temple; and I know he lives!
When best and worst has all been said, he was
A man of sincere love who stood for peace—
A man who made the supreme sacrifice
In mortal strife for immortality.
He trod in paths apart to thwart the claims
Of sinful conflict with all righteousness.
He was a man to shape the destinies
Of coming generations of his kin,
Who set themselves the task to win for God
The great domain, earth's Western Hemisphere,
And built God's temples on the lofty rocks
And cragged ridge poles of a continent;
Reclaiming wilderness and desert plains,
And brought effulgent bloom that magnifies
And glorifies the name of God on earth.
Caused winds and rains and snows and stars to know
The greatness of this servant of THE KING,
Till all the heavens did resound with praise
In joyful acclamation of his name.
For comely sacrifice, for mortal man
In paths of meek and lowly servitude,
For pregnant, intimate, and mortal life,
Lo! Joseph Smith abides now with the King,
Because his love for mortal man is great.

DeWitt Wise.

Mormon Battalion Monument

Fronting the Capitol Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

The Spirit of Progress typified by the magnificent head and shoulders of a woman, broods over the monument.

The Man of Bronze of the Battalion gazes at the sunset, as did his flesh and blood prototype, in his famous trek to the West.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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AN EPIC IN STONE

A MONUMENT TO THE MEN OF THE MORMON BATTALION

BY ELIZABETH CANNON PORTER

[On Decoration Day it is planned to unveil an artistic monument to the Mormon Battalion, on the Capitol grounds, in Salt Lake City. The memorial is one of the most costly and imposing structures in the inter-mountain country. A parade is planned, which will form at the Eagle Gate, and proceed to the Capitol. The ceremonies here will include speeches, music, literary and military exercises, in which the state governor, members of the Mormon Battalion Commission, and other leading citizens, and military organizations will take part.—*Editors.*]

He faces the setting sun, does this man of bronze, just as his flesh and blood predecessor traveled toward the West.

In the figure of the man of the Mormon Battalion that fronts the monument to that historic aggregation on the grounds of the State Capitol at Salt Lake City, are fearlessness and endurance. Upon his brow repose benignity and courage. Adventure enters here, and patriotism, for he sought an Empire.

Carved in pale, gray granite, above the heroic statue of the soldier, are the magnificent head and shoulders of a woman, typifying the "Spirit of Progress."

At the back of the monument lurks a squaw with papoose strapped on her back, watching the progress of the white man. She is significant of the "Vanishing Race."

THE ENLISTMENT

Women figure prominently, too, in the first of the bas-reliefs where the men bid goodbye to their families. The men of the refugee camps of Mt. Pisgah and Council Bluffs who were between the ages

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of 18 and 45 enlisted, leaving the women and children in the care of old men and small boys. With the help of Brigham Young, five companies were raised in three days. The volunteers, every one of whom could sign his own name, enrolled under an American flag salvaged from the wreck of their homes in Nauvoo.

Men and women bore the parting bravely. A dance was given in the Bowery for the departing soldiery the afternoon that they left. Husbands, fathers and sons gallantly gave up the clothes allotment

Showing rear of the monument, facing the everlasting hills to the East. The Indian mother of the vanishing race furtively surveys the march of the white man.

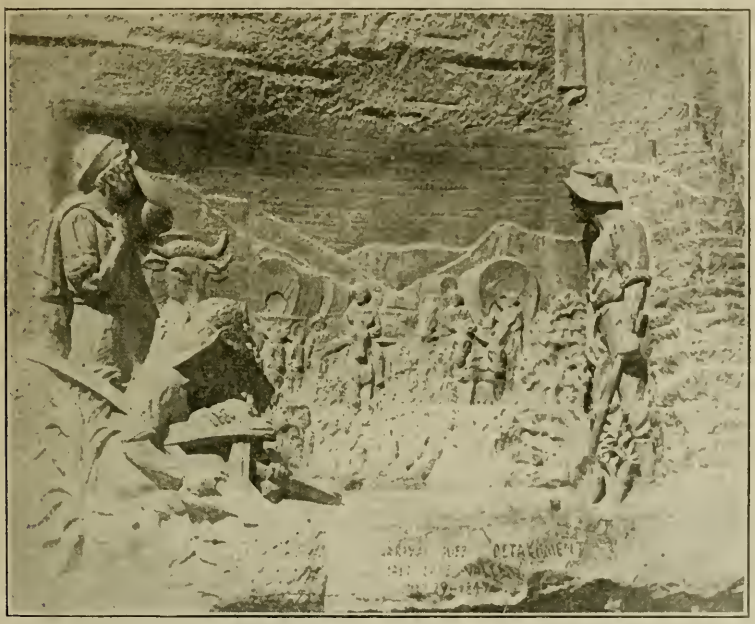
Left: Arrival of the Pueblo Detachment.
Right: Finding Gold in California.

for the year's service, which amounted to $40 apiece. This money between $5,000 and $6,000 in all, was sent back to their families to purchase supplies for the winter.

THE MARCH

The advance of the Mormon Battalion over 2,000 miles of

desert of the southwest was a marvelous march of infantry.* They toiled through drifting sand and cut a wagon passage in rock walls. At times they went without water; again they dug wells for man and animals. They encountered a herd of wild buffalo and caught glimpses of the wild life of the desert: elk, antelope, wolves, foxes, hares, gray



Showing the arrival of the Pueblo detachment composed of invalids and laundresses, who entered Salt Lake Valley five days after Brigham Young pronounced: "This is the Place."

rabbits, and prairie dogs. At one place were the heaped skeletons of one hundred mules that had perished in a storm the year before. They explored cliff dwellings,—a hundred-room mansion with fountains and courtyards of an ancient Indian king, modern pueblos, and

*Says Lieutenant-Col. P. St. George Cooke, in charge of the Battalion, vice Col. J. Allen, deceased.

"History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry. Half of it has been through a wilderness where nothing but savages and wild beasts are found, or deserts where, for the want of water, there is no living creature. There, with almost hopeless labor, we have dug deep wells, which the future traveler will enjoy. Without a guide who had traversed them, we have ventured into trackless table lands, where water was not found for several marches. With crowbar and pick and ax in hand, we have worked our way over mountains which seemed to defy aught save the wild goat, and hewed a passage through a chasm of living rock more narrow than our wagons."—*The Conquest of New Mexico and California*, by P. St George Cooke.

the old Spanish city of Santa Fe. At the latter place the battalion encamped in a wheat field back of the cathedral. On its entrance into the town it was greeted with a salute of a hundred guns, fired at the order of General Doniphan.

THE PUEBLO DETACHMENT

This shows the invalids and the women who had started out as laundresses with the battalion, in the covered wagons, entering the Salt Lake Valley, July 29, 1847. The sick on the march had been sent up to Colorado, where they had spent the Spring. They reached the Saints' destination five days after the main body of pioneers came through Emigration canyon. These intrepid voyagers, in the vanguard of civilization, had already explored the valley, plowed and

Diggers discovered gold in the race at Sutter's mill, which started the gold rush, of 1849, to California.

planted crops, selected a temple site and planned a city. A party had crossed the Jordan river and bathed in the lake at Black Rock, near Garfield, where Brigham Young pronounced the bathing in the saline sea most excellent.

DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA

When the footsore and weary battalion reached San Diego the American flag was floating over the harbor. The Mexican war, in

which the United States won every battle, was over. The men, mustered out, scattered to work their way back to their families in Utah and near the muddy Missouri.

Some of them obtained work at Sutter's mill near Sacramento, where they participated in the discovery of gold—the announcement of which was to populate western America. The "Mormon" men who had been hired to dig the race went on with their work in face of the general excitement.

In front of the monument is a pool set with Indian mosaic. The statuary rests upon the everlasting hills and is in harmony with the magnificent architecture of the Utah State Capitol, which flanks it on the north.

Manana*

Do the kindly deed today, my soul,
Do the kindly deed today,
Today is here, full of grace and cheer,
Tomorrow so far away.
Not manana, manana!

To your brother's plea responsive be,
From his prayer turn not away.
Tomorrow's aid, it may fail to save;
To the rescue, then, today;
Not manana, manana!

Make peace with the friend who wronged, perchance,
Or perchance was wronged by you;
Make peace today, go and find a way,
Delay you will surely rue.
Not manana, manana!

For hearts are broken and lives are wrecked,
Oft sorrow and death hold sway,
Because we say: "Tomorrow will do,"
And we will not act today.
Not manana, manana!

Did one pass beyond, misunderstood,
When you might have cleared his name?
"Tomorrow," you said, "it shall be done"—
But tomorrow never came.
Not manana, manana!

For tomorrow never is, nor was.
Its sun never rose nor set,
Today alone is omnipotent,
Never came tomorrow yet.
Not manana, manana!

Then live, my soul, in the present hour.
Live, love and act while you may;
Rise, master of self and tomorrow,
Live, love and labor today.
Not manana, manana!

MARY F. KELLY PYE.

*Pronounced man-ya-na—tomorrow.

THE GREEN RIVER BUTTES, WYOMING

It was on the Green River that Samuel Brannan sought to persuade Brigham Young to settle in California, and not in the Rocky Mountains.

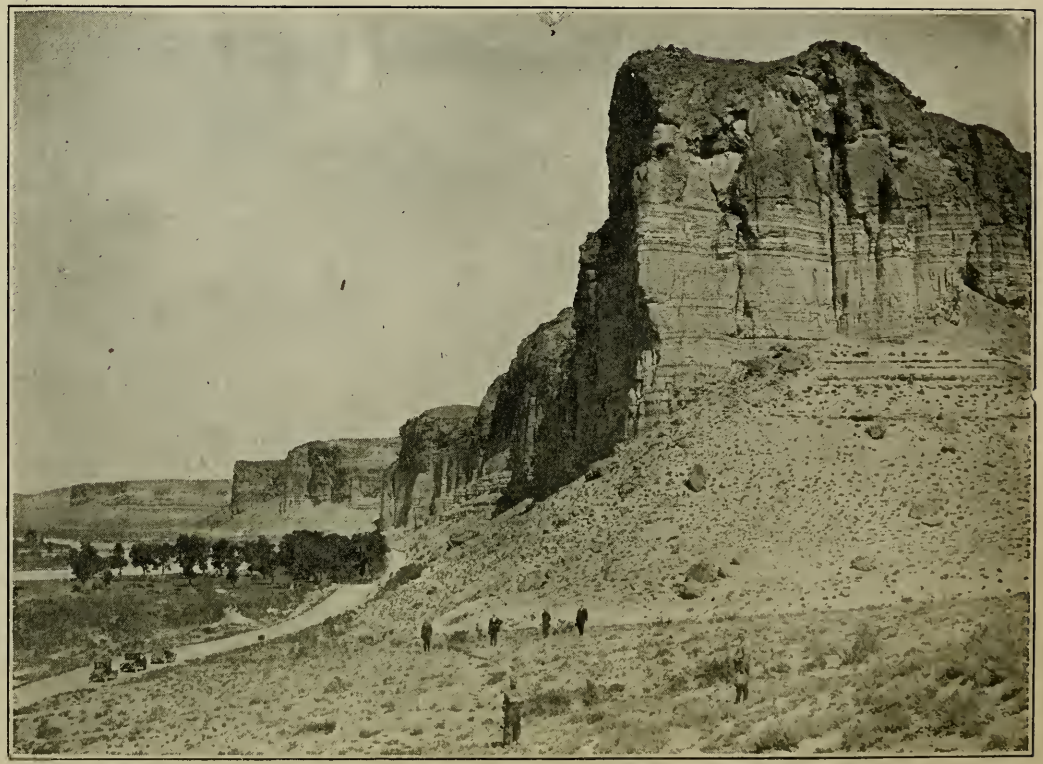


Photo by Geo. E. Anderson; courtesy Andrew Jenson, Church Historian; taken July 12, 1926.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S WISDOM OF CHOICE

In the Spring of 1847, Samuel Brannan, who in 1846 sailed from New York to San Francisco with a company of Saints, crossed the Sierras and traveled east, by way of Fort Hall, as far as Green River. Here he met President Brigham Young and the other pioneers, and used every influence in his power to have the Saints settle in California, instead of Salt Lake Valley. President Young, however, could not be changed in his decision that, "This is the Place," notwithstanding Brannan's insistence that the Salt Lake Valley was no place for an agricultural people. It was cold, he declared, every month in the year; the ground was too dry to start the seeds without irrigation, and if irrigated with the cold mountain streams, the seeds planted would be chilled and prevented from growing, or if they did grow, they would be sickly and fail to mature. The Saints could not possibly subsist there. But Brigham Young prevailed, and remained.

Brigham Young, the great pioneer of Western America, was born June 1, 1801, in Whittingham, Windham county, Vermont, of purely American stock, dating back many generations. On this one hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary of his birth, it is fitting to refer to his faith and steadfastness in the vision of Joseph Smith, wherein the Prophet saw that the Saints would become a great and mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. The late Hon. Joseph A. West called attention in an article on the "Construction of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads," some years ago, to his wisdom of choice, in these words:

"Brigham Young claimed not to be a visionary man, for he was practical to the minutest detail in all the affairs of life; yet in his journey to the Salt Lake Valley in 1847 he traversed the route of the transcontinental railroad, which was built twenty years later, almost the entire distance, and for the construction of which he and his people petitioned Congress many times and long before it was ever thought of outside of Utah. When Samuel Brannan met him and his pioneer band at Green River and pictured to them the beauties of California, with its broad, fertile plains bedecked with wild flowers and its balmy semi-tropical climate, and contrasted it with the desolate wilderness between the mountains just beyond, and the Sierra Nevadas, and tried to induce him to make the Pacific coast the home of his exiled people, he very emphatically declined to do so, but settled in a wilderness that has since become a wonderfully fertile state, possessed of a greater variety and quantity of primeval wealth than any state in the Union, despite its limited area. When, in the mountains east, Brigham Young first saw the great Salt Lake Valley in all the bleakness of a July day, with the dead sea of America glittering in the shimmering rays of a hot July sun, he said after a moment's hesitation, as

if comparing it with something that he had previously seen, 'This is the place, drive on'; when, in first walking over the present site of Salt Lake City, he came to a certain spot, he struck his cane to the ground and said, 'Here we will build the Temple of our God,' which temple his people completed at a cost of many millions of dollars, just forty years later, after plans that had been minutely drawn under his direction; when he selected the sites of Salt Lake City and other cities of Utah, and laid them off with their broad streets pointing to the meridan, and their blocks four-square—he manifested a wisdom of choice, plan and purpose so marvelous that one can scarcely think it all done by his unaided mind alone. So also when he obtained a large tract of land west of Ogden City and offered it free to the Union and Central Pacific Railroad companies for depot purposes, and even broke ground and with appropriate ceremonies dedicated a site thereon for a union depot building, which depot was built on the site selected twenty-one years later, something more than the wisdom of man must have directed him, great though he was. He attributed it to the inspiration of the Lord, and why should we not believe him?"

To Brigham Young

He did not see the sunparched stretch
Of stunted, dusty, purple sage.
He glimpsed a mighty pageant scene,
Unfold on that gigantic stage.

He heard a busy city's hum;
He saw the mountain torrents brought
Down to the thirsty, fertile plains—
The whole wide vale a garden spot.

He stood through all adversity
Unwavering, and the path he trod,
By faith and works, led ever up
Nearer and nearer to his God.

Today his dreams have all come true.
A million voices sing his fame.
He built an Empire in the west,
And Zion ne'er forgets his name.

Garber Oklahoma. DOUGLAS DAVIS.

The Narrows in Ogden Canyon

"What is more rare than a day in June,"
When the flowers breathe their sweet perfume,
And Nature is on her honeymoon,
Up in Ogden Canyon?

Up where the mountains tower so high,
As if they were longing to kiss the sky,
And the stream sings a peacefull lullaby,
Up in Ogden Canyon.

Up there where the bluebird builds her nest,
And babe lies asleep on its mother's breast,
Each day is Sabbath—a day of rest—
Up in Ogden Canyon.

I love to think of the days gone by,
Yet still they are green in my memory,
The days we spent, love, you and I,
Up in Ogden Canyon.

W. A. MORTON.

AVOCATION

By Stephen L. Richards

[This important and valuable address for the youth of colleges and high schools was delivered to the students of the Utah Agricultural College some weeks ago. It touches on the great opportunities of our free Democracy, and cautions youth against selfishness and class distinction, so characteristic of fraternities and sororities. It encourages altruism and the free enjoyment of nature's glorious gifts at our doors.—*Editors.*].

My inspiration, if any I may claim, for the choice of this subject, comes largely from my reading of a book written by Mr. Edward W. Bok, and entitled *Dollars Only*. For several years I have been much interested in subjects pertaining to vocation selection and guidance, as well as in those matters that pertain to leisure-time activity and recreation. I find in Mr. Bok's book a treatment that serves to clarify the view I have held with reference to full and abundant living, and prompts me to attempt an expression of them, which I hope you can endure.

"Dollars Only"

Edward Bok was, for thirty years, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. He was eminently successful and accumulated a large fortune. At the age of fifty-six he retired from business to engage in altrustic pursuits for the welfare of his fellow-man. His book that I mentioned is one of his latest contributions since his retirement. In it he tells with ringing enthusiasm of the supreme joy he has experienced in his endeavor to serve humanity without pay. He tells, too, of many other great American business men, men often of large wealth, who have come to regard their accumulations largely as trust funds to be wisely administered and ultimately returned to the public whence they came. He eulogizes the great philanthropists and other benefactors and submits an inpassionate plea for the diversion of the great floods of human energy, brain power, and talents from the everlasting, nerve-wrecking, mad race for "dollars only," into channels of unselfish service for the common welfare of the race.

Meaning and Choice of an Avocation

Now I have no such exaggerated notion of the wealth of these students, or even of the members of this faculty, as to imagine that Mr. Bok's appeal for the equitable distribution of accumulated riches has any very direct application here. I take it that it is one of your chief concerns at this stage of your life to learn how to get money rather than how to give it away. It is of moment, however, that as you learn to acquire, you learn how to spend, and this, too, with reference to the expenditure of time, energy and knowledge, as with money. It is in this connection that I regard the avocation of life as of great importance. I am not sure that "avocation" is the

proper term to designate the activities and phases of life that I have in mind, but it is the best term I know. I understand a man's vocation to be his business, trade, profession or calling, in which he makes his living, his major enterprise, and that leisure-time pursuits usually comprehend pleasurable diversions in the interest of relaxation, play and personal enjoyment. I am concerned about our play, and how leisure hours are spent, but I wish to speak now in advocacy of the choice in the early stages of our life of an avocation, a calling apart from our business, a serious line of endeavor which will yield a contribution perhaps not less important than our vocation; such an avocation to afford rest, relaxation and genuine recreation, not because it contemplates activities of a light or frivolous nature, but because it brings a change of thought, plays on different nerve centers, and produces new experiences and results.

I cannot think of an avocation as money-yielding to the individual who engages in it. Any enterprise with the personal accumulation of property or even self-aggrandizement as the objective may properly be characterized as business. Unselfishness is of the very essence of an avocation, at least of the kind I urge for adoption.

May we discuss some of the avocations and their status in the program of our living? The vocation of most of you at this time is that of student. Your present chief enterprise is to secure educational training as equipment for your life's work. What are some of the avocations open to your choice as you pursue your work in college? I shall venture a few for your consideration, although you may think some of them are scarcely eligible for adoption to your school days.

Home Work and Home

First, there is home work. I named this item first, because it is second to nothing in production of happiness in life. It contemplates all of the arts and activities which lend to the beauty, the convenience, the economy and general attractiveness of home. I know a girl who in college studies to be a teacher and who at home has the avocation of dressmaking and millinery, not for her own advantage only, but for that of the entire family. She is also an expert lampshade designer. She derives much pleasure from these pursuits, and her family no inconsiderable profit. You probably know many instances of similar character. The whole field of art and decoration in the home is open as an avocation to young women, both during school life and in other days. In city life, gardening, flowers, trees and landscaping furnish not only delightful diversion for business men and for boys, but all conduce inestimably to the beauty of a municipality. I know a number of eminent professional men, bankers, doctors and lawyers, who have made rather exhaustive study of trees and flowers and take great pride in the cultivation of exceptional varieties. Bird fanciers there are by the scores, many of whom have accumulated a vast store of knowledge on the species and lines that

particularly interest them. A few of our citizens whom many of you know have distinguished themselves in their study of bird life and in their enthusiastic effort to secure bird and game preserves and sanctuaries for the general benefit of the state. While these efforts go beyond home work, they are usually initiated in connection therewith. Of course, there comes a time when activities about the home become more than avocation.

I remember a number of years ago hearing a prominent speaker address a large group of business men in the city where I lived. He told them that he had been looking through the *City Directory* and found listed opposite their names the various vocations and businesses in which they were engaged—merchants, bankers and professional men he found in large numbers. "But,," said he, "gentlemen, these various businesses and professions are not your chief vocation, they are but your side line. Your chief business is to make and maintain good American homes." I agreed with him, and I hold that homemaking in all its various aspects constitutes one of the most important avocations and vocations as well.

Club Work as an Avocation

I name next club work as a possible avocation for students. I name it, however, rather more for discussion than for advocacy, by which I do not want to be understood to mean that there are not worthy forms of club life and club work. I believe there are, but I caution against indiscriminate entrance into existing organizations. I am aware that I here touch a rather delicate subject. I hope, however, I can express my views frankly without giving offense, for I assure you I intend none. What ought to be the test of the worthiness of a club, a fraternity, a sorority, or other social institution, bidding for the patronage and support of students? I may be too idealistic in my conclusion, but I lay it down as fundamental that no club is worthy of place in our college or educational life that does not make for the mental, physical, moral and spiritual improvement and development of its members in such manner,—and I ask you especially to mark this provision—that the operation of such a club so maintained for the purposes mentioned shall be entirely compatible with like opportunities for such development on the part of all other students of the college or members of the social group. I firmly believe that the maintenance of any organization in college which does not comply substantially with these requirements tends to promote class distinction, undesirable competition, and is in a measure at least undemocratic and unAmerican.

Fraternities and Sororities

Now I am not preferring a general indictment against college fraternities and sororities. If I were minded so to do it would be ungracious of me to do so in this presence, and in response to the invitation which has been extended to me to speak on this occasion

My purpose is to point out some hazards and tendencies which I believe I see, and to emphasize the necessity for discrimination and wise choice. I am sure that in many of our college clubs are to be found most excellent people, young men and young women with the best of ideals, whose living is above reproach. In their club life they often devote themselves to what they regard as useful and altruistic pursuits. They believe they are doing good to themselves and to others. I hope they are, but I am constrained to question some of the results. I wonder if it is not true that for every one who is made happy by inclusion in one of these select college clubs, there are at least two who are unhappy and embarrassed because they were not bidden and in their opinion discriminated against. While some rich man's daughter—and remember that it is neither of her making nor her fault that she is his daughter—is reveling in the ecstacies of her initiation ceremonies, may it not be that somewhere in that same college town in humble and lowly surroundings, a secret pillow is wet with the sobs of some poor man's girl who, neglected and alone, mourns her doleful fate? I am not shedding tears, however, for this poor girl of the doleful fate. My observation has convinced me that in the end she often comes out just as well as, and sometimes better than, her sister with the frills and the clubs and the many dates. Speaking of dates reminds me how words evolve and change their meaning. I used to think that a date indicated a definite period of time. Now I find that it denotes a boy and a girl and an indefinite period of time. I am not so worried about the ultimate welfare of those who are left out as I am concerned for those who go in. No person ever takes a selfish course or one that brings unhappines to others with out having unfavorable reaction; and I am often more sorry for those who leave a man out in the cold than for the man who is left out, because the man in the cold often has a warm heart, and a great soul, which would expand and unfold itself under the genial rays of good fellowship, but one who consciously, either directly or indirectly, deprives another of opportunity, retards his own development and is in great danger of a permanent contraction of heart and spirit. But, I hear you state in reply, not everyone can be rich and be accorded equal social opportunity. We, the students, cannot remake our social and economic order, we merely take life as it is, we choose our own companions, as we have a right to do, and we group ourselves in our clubs and fraternal organizations for our personal enjoyment, and for our own advancement. Think what an advantage it is to belong to an organization wherein all are bound together by pledges and obligations to advance one another's interests, and to protect one another in the strenuous strife and competition of life's work.

All very true, and it sounds fine, but my young friends, I believe that I give to you a very sober piece of advice when I caution you to be somewhat careful about allying yourselves with this group or that group for mutual advancement and protection in the world of strife and competition, at least until you have seen something of that world

and are in a position to know better where your alliances should be made, if made at all. Undoubtedly you have a right to choose your friends and you should choose them well, but a real friend, the kind that Emerson says may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature, is seldom acquired wholesale by the purchase of the whole lot, however high class the particular brand may be. I have always felt that one is likely to circumscribe his opportunities when he limits the choice of his intimate friends to those of a small group where a larger group is available for that choice. No, not all can be rich and good looking and wear smartly tailored clothes, but, thank the Lord, nearly every boy and girl in America who has ambition and industry can go to the public schools of America, and although born of humble parents, in lowly surroundings, can rub shoulders with the rich man's son and daughter, and in this great Republican institution, in this mortar box of Democracy, the children of the rich are mixed with the children of the poor, their childish hearts forget class or creed, and the hard and rough surfaces of the poor are refined and polished in the contact, the soft and too pliable tissues of the gently nourished are toughened and strengthened, fundamental virtues are inculcated and sympathies are broadened, and finally the whole mixture, the product of the public schools, is the cohesive cement that binds together and holds firm our entire governmental structure, with its lofty ideals of equality, equity and justice.

Now may I ask, would you, if you could, project the modern fraternity and sorority into the public schools? I believe you would not. Certainly no thoughtful student of our institution would care to incur the hazards that might follow. I am wondering just how much more justification the school frats can find for themselves in the higher schools of the country, those above the grammar grades. These secondary schools and colleges are also largely supported by public funds, they are public creations of the state, they hold equal opportunities to all the people, they are not in any sense charged with the function of separating the mixture brought about by the grammar grades of the public schools into its component parts. These higher institutions of learning belong to all the people, and it seems at least not unreasonable to inquire whether or not it is within the proprieties for them to foster any organization or movement which may tend even in the slightest degree to divide the people and promote class distinction.

Again I believe some of you think, and in your thoughts you are saying to me: "But you are mistaken in your premise. You are assuming that a choice of members for our societies is made on the basis of wealth and social position and prestige. It is not so, our selections are made with reference to merit and achievement." Let us see. Will you take a fellow in who hasn't the money to pay his initiation fee and regular dues, and whose wardrobe consists of a well-worn suit of clothes, an old sweater and a cap? You may perhaps say, "Yes,

under certain conditions." I think I know what those conditions are: Chief among them is that the candidate shall be a man of so phenomenal and unusual athletic power as to bring with him to your organization a large measure of distinction. Whenever a college, fraternity or sorority opens its door to all those who have attained to meritorious achievements, without reference to money, clothes or "previous condition of servitude," it will have gone a long way to convince the public of its real democracy.

A Frank Question

We live in a Christian nation. I have heretofore from this platform endeavored to emphasize that fact. I take the liberty now of submitting frankly the question: Can we who profess Christianity and who give allegiance to the Master and the principles he taught, completely harmonize our conception of the brotherhood of man, equality of right and opportunity, and service for all, with the objective and practices of some of our college organizations? Were there any restrictions imposed on candidates for entrance into the society which He organized among men? Yes, there was one, and only one. It had no reference to riches, class, caste, color or creed. He bade the Jew, the Gentile and the heathen to come, from all lands and from all climes, and all conditions of life. He said to them: Live righteously and conform to the ordinances of the gospel, and you may enter my kingdom and be with me always. He was the great Democrat, and his life and words are the inspiration underlying our sacred institutions.

Another Important Question

Now I fear, if I am not careful, that some will think I am making an argument against fraternities and sororities. That would be most unfortunate for me in particular. I might be misunderstood, and I might lose a good many friendships that I prize most highly. I am not making an argument. Years ago I went out of that business. I am only talking about avocations and those that are desirable for college students. I must speedily return to the subject. To do so, I ask you this question. I hope you will all answer it deliberately for yourselves. Are there not innumerable opportunities in the school and on the campus for you to identify yourselves with clubs, social groups and organizations and movements, which will afford abundant opportunity for the expression of your talents, the gratification of social proclivities, the making of friendships, and, what is most important, the development within yourselves of a great desire and some ability to serve? Then can you not embrace these opportunities as legitimate avocations, without in any sense violating your consciousness of fair play and equality of right and privilege to all? When I attended college in this state there were no fraternities or sororities. Our debating societies, dramatic and literary clubs, and scientific associations seemed then to be sufficient. The whole

school, of course much smaller than now, was as a large family with general acquaintance and opportunities restricted only by the limitations of merit or scholastic gradation. It may be a reactionary spirit that prompts one to wish for a return of the conditions of the past. For my own part, I would not want many of them to come back. I freely admit that in the main new methods are much better than the old, but I believe that if I could I would keep in vogue today something more of the old democratic spirit which forbade, to any appreciable extent, the organization and maintenance of privately selected social groups within the student body.

Church and Religious Work as an Avocation

I name as my third classification of avocations open to the student, and probably the last one I shall have opportunity to discuss today, religious and church work. I hesitate to speak of religion as an avocation. In a broad and fundamental sense, it is not and never should be, for if religion means anything in a man's life, it should mean everything. If he has adopted it for his philosophy of life, it should dictate the program of his living. In that sense it furnishes the criteria by which he makes his interpretation and adaptation. It comforts, encourages, and inspires. I cannot consistently call such religion an avocation. I here have reference only to activities in church work, which, in point of time and effort expended, cannot well occupy a predominate place in the life of a student. They should always, however, in my opinion, have some place in his life. Church work, to the layman at least, is always without material compensation. It is altruistic in high degree. When performed with proper spirit and attitude, it develops unselfishness more abundantly than any other kind of service. Its results are often far reaching and vital, both to the giver and to him who receives.

Many students feel that by reason of the time and energy which it demands, that they should forego it, particularly when they are under financial strain, as many of them are, to sustain themselves at school and secure their training. It is a great mistake to lay it entirely aside. There are a few places where religious contact and conception are more necessary to regulate and stabilize conduct and thinking than in college. Old faith, tried and tested conviction, constantly kept before the student, constitute no mean insurance against the adoption of immature theories and philosophies and behavior, too, that often militate against ultimate happiness and success. Participation in church work is the surest way to keep around us the safeguard. Occasionally I hear of students who abandon their church activities while in college, resulting in serious consequences to themselves. I know of boys who, while living in their home town, were active participants in the organization of their church and derived great satisfaction and profit therefrom. On coming to college they failed to ally themselves with the organizations of their church, assumed no part in its work and gradually lost interest.

Their Sundays were spent lounging about the houses where they lived, often in company with other fellows, some of whom may have had no church affiliations. They began the practice of smoking for the first time in their lives. Other harmful practices which theretofore they had always avoided were taken up. The whole course of their lives was changed. Estrangement followed, sometimes of a very serious nature. Fathers became impatient and angry with the course of conduct fully at variance with their teachings and standards. Mutual confidence was broken down, sympathies were lost, and irreparable injury done. I would have you, my friends, avoid these tragedies, for they are tragedies, some of them as powerful and as regretful as even death itself. Keep your faith, preserve it by frequent contact in the work of your church. It will increase your appreciation of the things you get in school. It will enlarge your vision and your understanding; and it will enable you to discharge the debt you owe for life, for home, for country, and for opportunity.

The Glories and Generous Gifts of Nature

For are we not all debtors at best, paying in small installments for the generous gifts of nature and of God? I contemplate the munificent and the splendid endowments of our great state, and especially that portion of it which enfolds this splendid institution. Abundant fields and happy homes surround us. Untold resources beckon the unlocking key of man's intelligence and labor. Within the state are spots among the most charming and inspiring of any on earth. Not the placid lakes of Scotland, nor the thunderous grandeur of Niagara, nor the cavernous fiery depths of Kilauea, will calm or exalt the soul of man more than Bear Lake, Fish Lake, Bryce and Zion Park.

Seldom does a season pass that I do not visit and revisit them all. Year after year these wondrous works of nature delight me and encourage me. I always take my wife with me. I have long believed that no man can drink deep of the charms and love of nature without yearning for the companionship and sharing nearness of the partner of his life.

We have sat, my wife and I, on the shores of Fish Lake, or moved a boat over its rippling, cool waters as the moon rose or the sun sank behind its wooded hills, and a peace and tranquility have enveloped us that passes understanding.

Under the Pines on the Rim of Bryce

And Bryce—that incomparable cameo of nature, set low in a fringe of pine with its jeweled spires and polychrome fantastic shapes reaching skyward from abyssmal depths below—who could ever blot from memory the impressive, thrilling sensation of its first beholding! When I first saw it I could not rest until I had taken two parties of relatives and friends in quick succession to enjoy with us the spell of its supernal beauty. I once included with my guests

two dear friends, lovers of art and nature, whom, were I to mention their names, you all would know. I could scarcely await the opportunity of seeing them enjoy their first vision of the canyon. They approached the rim expectantly, but of course not knowing, as no one who has not seen it can ever know what awaited them. I thought there would be exclamations of delight and wonder. There were not. They just looked, and as they looked the tears flowed down their cheeks like drops of rain. I am not ashamed to say my eyes filled, too. There were no words, only feeling; feeling too deep for expression.

We always camp under the pines on the rim of Bryce. There better can one observe its changing moods. From sunrise to sunset, in the dark of night and in the moonlight the scenes vary and shift like multicolored lights playing on fantastic creations of the stage. We sometimes stay for days to watch its wondrous, mystic beauty. There is mystery in it but to discover and feel it one must explore the labyrinth of its cool recesses at the base of precipitate ledges. When we leave we are chastened and refreshed.

The Temples and Majestic Peaks of Zion

And then Zion, the wonderland of patriarchal temples and majestic peaks. I think perhaps she is claimed more by our friends from the southwest of the mountains, but we all claim her and some day the whole world will know her entrancing, inspiring beauty. When I can, I go to see her in the early Spring before the little freshets that gush from crevices in the lofty towers and walls of rock have drained the meager reservoirs of snow stored in the dizzy heights. I like to see the new green of the foliage against its background of brilliant hues. Her lacy waterfalls, her riot of color and the glory of her stupendous piles exalt the very soul of man. In their presence he cannot be small or mean. His vision is enlarged, his sympathies are broadened, his love of his fellow-men is deepened and his trust in God and the universe is supreme. He is made a better man.

Are not all these, my friends, gifts to us? Are we not in very deed debtors for them?

Our Personal Relationships and Associations

And then there are those personal associations and relationships of ours—these priceless friends and hand-clasps, home, love, and all the dear ones who mean more to us than even life itself; the country, its glorious institutions, sacred religion, and God.

Will you say that we are not debtors; that we have no obligation to pay, to pay unceasingly, in small installments in proportion to our respective abilities, by giving generously, gratefully of ourselves, that the whole world may have joy and peace?

Young men, young women, may your vocation and your avocation bring blessings to yourselves, service to your fellow-men, and glory to God.

WESTERNERS IN ACTION

John Hutchings, Naturalist

By T. Dean Udell

I had heard of John Hutchings and of his knowledge and his interest in wild life, and had been told that he has the largest and most varied private collection of natural objects in the inter-mountain states. He had spent years in gathering the unusual, the beautiful, and the interesting of plants, animals, and minerals.

I resolved to know more of him and to see for myself the wonders and the beauties in his home.

Expecting to find rows of cases and shelves of specimens all

THE TAXIDERMIST AT WORK—JOHN HUTCHINGS, LEHI, UTAH

carefully labeled and arranged in logical, systematic order, my visit was to be a surprise to me. In response to his pleasant, "Come in," I methodically entered. A loud, cheery, "How are you, Mr. Hutchings," died on my lips. Surprise and wonderment held me speechless. Had I entered into a museum, or into a lonely, mountain glen? Eyes of lions, bears, and wolves glared at me from behind leaves and flowers of strange plants. Variously shaped birds of brilliant plumages perched themselves on the rocks. Wily snakes were darting beneath. The imitation was perfect. The soft, shaded light blended the multitude of colors and shapes into a harmonious, beautiful whole. Crystals sparkled from the shadows in the corners.

The atmosphere and stillness of the canyon could be felt. The wildness of the deer, the primitive ferocity of the cougar, the cunning

of coyote, and the dignity of the eagle, were all there in their naturalness. I could almost smell the fragrance of the pine and hear the call of the cat-bird.

Reluctantly I allowed my host to lead me to another room. He opened chests of shells, boxes of snake-rattles, and showed me thousands of arrow heads. Cases of Indian relics gave me a glimpse of the life and customs of those old peoples.

We passed into his workshop. Piles of furs stood in a corner. Heads of deer, hides of bears, and remains of birds, awaited the touch of restoration from his expert hand.

"You need not leave your work," I told him; "we can talk while you finish your mounting. You must spend lots of time at your hobby of gathering and preparing your specimens?"

"It does not take up too much of my time. I gather some of them while working for the Scout organization, as woodcraft and handicraft director in their summer camps. During my bird lectures at the high schools, many were brought to me. Once when I was working with a gang of men in the hills, I started my collecting. At first the boys made fun of me. But collecting is as contagious as the measles. I soon had the gang helping me. It has been about that way wherever I have gone. Of course, I have to make many regular trips to out-of-the-way places to collect. But the work is worthy of the effort.

"Through my work I help others to appreciate and reverence the beauties of nature. It gives them a desire to help preserve and protect wild life. I can pick up an old, dirty bird that someone has cruelly shot, restore it's beauty, and show it to the boys. They can then more fully appreciate the glory and beauty of that which is destroyed when a bird is shot."

His face seemed to light up as he spoke. A few tired wrinkles vanished from his brow. The zeal of the nature-lover, of the restorer, and preserver, shone from his eyes.

I resolved to make another trip to the mountains and see, once more, the beauties of the natural, the wild, and possibly gather a few specimens.

Lehi, Utah.

The Blue Cougars

By Harrison R. Merrill

Although the 1927 basketball season was more or less disastrous, from the point of view of victories for the Blue Cougars, of Brigham Young University, the season was highly successful in many other ways, for success is not always counted by victories. The basketball squad, to a man, was made up of fine individuals who worked untiringly to perfect a basketball team. During all the season, though

one defeat followed another in rapid succession, the boys maintained a marvelous morale, under the conditions.

The squad was remarkable in another way. Upon it were several pairs of brothers and one trio of brothers. Though they are not all shown in this picture, there are two Snows, sons of Dr. William J. Snow; two Simmons, brothers of Lee and Glen Simmons, well known coaches of Utah; two Harts, sons of James Hart, of Idaho; and three Skousens, young men who had come up to school from Arizona.

Only two members of the squad will graduate this Spring. All of the other men, presumably, will be back fighting for the White and Blue next year. Nearly all of the men are sophomores and freshmen; therefore, the basketball situation looks good, provided a few tall men come to school to assist against the giants who are on the teams of the other members of the Western Division of the Rocky Mountain conference.

The blue suits in which the men are seen in the accompanying picture have been added to the equipment this year. The Cougar heads were painted upon them by George K. Lewis, a member of the student body of the University. Despite their inexperience, the Blue Cougars lost their games by narrow margins and revealed a passing attack that was good to watch. Balls tipped in from the bank boards accounted for nearly all of the defeats, and they were made possible by the great height of the opposing players. Coach E. L. Roberts handled the team throughout the season.

THE BLUE COUGARS OF BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Left to right: Sanky Dixon, Wes Lloyd, Owen Rowe, Reed Porter, Don Simmons, Bill Snow, Clarence Skousen, Mark Reeve, Irel Hart, Poulson Frosty Richards, B. Skousen, Leslie Wright, Cecil Hart, Reed Collins.

He Prayed and Paid his Tithes

"Early in life my mother taught me to say my prayers and to pay tithing," said Andrew L. Rogers, of Snowflake, Arizona, now on a short-term mission in California. "Today, I am seventy-two years of age," he continued; "I don't owe a cent to anybody; I am bearing my own expenses on this mission; and I am strong and healthy as a boy. Throughout my life I have never tampered with tobacco, liquor, tea or coffee, and I have never gambled."

As an evidence of the value of paying tithing, Mr. Rogers relates an interesting incident. About nine years ago he consummated a business deal with a certain person, in the terms of which it was agreed that he was to receive an amount of money each year. This party failed to keep his agreement, and several years passed without any payments having been made. He tried to make the collections but was entirely unsuccessful. He and his wife were getting old, and it was his wish to do temple work, but the money was a necessary element to that accomplishment. The thought occurred to him to pray about it. In his prayer, he said, "Father, you know my age, condition and desire; and if I can collect that account, I will pay the tithing on it in full, and if there is anything else I can do that you want done, I will be on hand to do it." Shortly afterwards, he received an entirely new thought—Why not take up the matter of a settlement with a certain other person, who was closely related to the one who signed the agreement? He tried it. The result was, he received every cent of the money due him, including the interest. He kept his promise to the Lord, put the remainder of the collections in the bank, together with other savings, and today he is in a happy condition, with health, vigor and joy in the service of the Lord. He obeyed the laws upon which certain blessings are predicated—he is now enjoying those blessings.

Mr. Rogers was called in 1876, by President Brigham Young, to help settle Arizona. Much of the country then was a wild desert, with few whites and many Indians. "But I always loved the Indians," he said, "and gave them the best I had." In his continued residence of over half a century in Arizona, he has seen many wonderful changes. He went there in that early day as a single young man. Now he has a wife and ten children. His mother, Aurelia S. Rogers, was inspired to start the first Primary in the Church.—*San Pedro, Calif.*

Ferron Has Its Leadership Convention

In March, Ferron, Emery county, Utah, held its first leadership convention. The school men led the movement, and were backed by the ward officials in arranging the first program of its kind ever held in that part of the state. Dean Peterson, principal of the Ferron high school, had charge of the work, although he had some enthusiastic assistants in Dean Bench, Velyn Baylis, Mr. Jamison, the director of music, all members of his faculty, and town boosters who seemed to be headed by L. W. Peterson, a member of the Emery county school board.

Five instructors from Brigham Young University, two from Utah Agricultural College and two from the Y. M. M. I. A., were secured for the three days' program. These men and women gave regular courses in various branches of learning and also assisted by giving lectures in the general assemblies.

Claude Cornwall, of the M. I. A. General Board, and President Guy C. Wilson, who has charge of teacher training for the Church, were both present. Mr. Cornwall had charge of the recreational subjects and led in recreational activities, which included games and dancing.

The people were enthusiastic in their praise of the convention which attracted many people who had heretofore paid very little attention to Church activities or to community enterprises. From the first day's program to the concluding one on Sunday evening, the spacious gymnasium and assembly room of the Ferron school building was crowded with people eager to gather from the visiting speakers information as well as inspiration.

A vote was taken to see whether the Leadership Convention should be continued another year. Despite the fact that all expenses were paid by local subscription and entertainments which were given in connection with the covention, the vote was unanimous for making the convention an annual affair.—*H. R. Merrill.*

Supt. Chas. E. Embly, Gunnison stake, Box 102, Centerfield, Utah, forwards the following picture of the M Men Champions, Mayfield ward, Gunnison stake.

Top row, left to right: C. H. Christensen, coach; Joe Willardson, forward; Ivan Hansen, forward; Don Lyman, center; Roy Bough, guard and captain. Bottom row: Nels Bogh, forward; Lee Larson, guard; Cleo Bogh, center; Udell Christiansen, guard; Blaine Anderson, forward; Ray Larson, guard (not on picture).

The school children of Deseret, Oasis and Delta at the unveiling of the monument they erected marking where Father Escalante passed, October 2, 1776.

Principal William McSwain of Deseret-Oasis made this trip with Doctor Herbert E. Bolton, following the trail of Escalante from his diary.

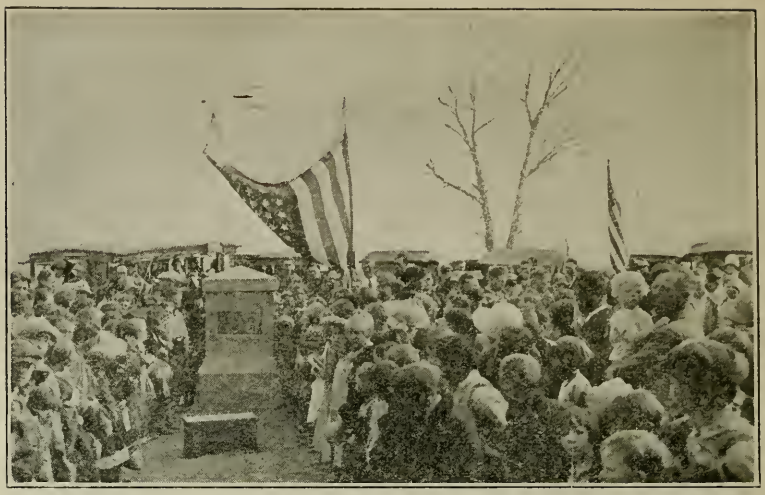


Photo by Frank Beckwith.

Then McSwain was chosen chairman for Millard county and this monument is the result of his work.

The school children donated five cents each, and the fund so raised made possible this fitting testimonial.

Photo by Frank Beckwith.

President A. A. Hinkley of the Deseret stake addressing the throng witnessing the unveiling of the monument at his birthplace, Cove Fort, Utah, April 26, 1927. Cove Fort was built in 1867, and this monument was unveiled, therefore, on the sixtieth anniversary of its building.

THE SUNDAY CROP

By Douglas Brian

Adam Crane worked on Sunday. He had always worked on Sunday, and said he always would. The farm demanded it.

"Adam," said his friend, Reuben, one bright Sabbath morning, "You'll never get any good out of the work you do on Sunday."

"Ah, Reuben," Adam replied, "your motive may be all right but your judgment is at fault. There's no use trying to tell me that if I get this ditch cleaned today, it isn't going to do any good. It'll be just as clean as it would be if I waited until tomorrow, and I'll have all day tomorrow to work in the field."

Long after Reuben had gone on to church, Adam turned the thing over and over in his mind, always careful, however, to get back to his original idea. Adam was better educated and more refined than those about him. His manner of speech gave the impression that each word had been weighed carefully before it was uttered. He did few things in a social way, and it was not his custom to enter into controversies over church or state. When his friends deliberately chided him about working on the Sabbath, however, he intended to defend himself, and had even thought of converting the others to his way of thinking upon this one subject. A plan had formed in his mind, and when he went in at noon he told his wife about it.

"Those fellows are always pestering me about working on Sunday," he said, "and if any one of them ever had a reasonable thought he'd see that when work is done it's done, whether on Sunday or any other time, I suppose the only way to show them is to give them an example they can see, like kids counting pegs to prove that two and two make four. Wait 'till they see my Sunday crop!"

As it was near time for planting, Adam decided to start work on his idea at once. Fortunately for him, the most fertile piece of ground on his entire farm was a two-acre piece right next to the road. Upon that piece he decided to work each Sunday. No work would be done on it at any other time. He would show them all what could be done on Sunday.

As Reuben sat on the front porch reading his Bible that afternoon, he noticed that Adam Crane was doing some extra work on the two-acre piece, next to the road. He was taking special pains in repairing the fence, and he was removing all the high weeds and willows, so that the piece would show up to fine advantage.

The following Sunday Adam prepared the land for planting. As a final touch to the day's work he nailed to the fence a sign, which read, "Watch my Sunday Crop!"

Week after week the work progressed. Adam was a good farmer, and took special care of this piece of land which he had planted to

grain. He was careful never to go near it except on Sundays, and then he took equal pains to let everyone see that he was working on it. The grain grew and matured perfectly. No patch in the valley was more beautiful or of better quality, and Adam's "Sunday Crop" became a matter of much comment in the neighborhood.

As harvest time grew near Adam seemed to be gaining his point. Some of the young men, when cautioned about breaking the Sabbath, pointed to it as a sort of justification.

When the grain was cut and stacked with special care it brought forth words of praise from all who saw it.

Now Adam fully appreciated the dramatic phase of the situation and was not minded to lose the advantage it gave him. He therefore laid careful plans to have the entire neighborhood see the threshing of the Sunday crop. Of course, it had to be done on Sunday, and he feared, at first, that he would be unable to persuade them to be present. They would never consent to leave church to come. He finally decided upon something very unique. Only Adam could have carried it out.

First he arranged to have his other threshing done late Saturday. He timed it so that they could not possibly finish until dark. Then he invited a carefully selected crowd of men, both young and old, to dine with him on that Saturday night. He made so special a thing of it that none thought of refusing to come.

When the time arrived all were present. The party progressed nicely until a late hour, with everyone having a good time. The dinner was wonderful and Adam was in especially high spirits. As it drew near midnight someone suggested that it was time to go home. The time had come for Adam to play his winning card.

He counted his guests to make sure that they were all in the room. Someone acting as spokesman for the crowd thanked Adam for his hospitality and good will. What could have been more fortunate? Adam arose and cleared his throat.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have been completely thrilled by your presence here tonight. Never have I enjoyed the fellowship of my neighbors more. Our ideas sometimes differ but our appetites prove that we still have much in common."

A hearty laugh followed this, and Adam began again and went straight to the point. "I have a request to make of you," he said. "It is near midnight. In five minutes it will be Sunday morning. I had the engineer fire the engine heavily before coming inside so that everything would be in readiness. Since you are already here and it will take only a very short time, I request that you witness the threshing of my Sunday crop."

There was a moment of silence each man endeavoring to sound his neighbor's thoughts. Adam was not sure what their attitude would be. He again decided to do something dramatic, something that would make them remember.

"Fellows," he said quickly, "I do not wish you to feel obligated

to remain or embarrassed to leave. I shall therefore extinguish the lights and any who desire to go now may do so unobserved."

He stepped to the wall and pressed the switch, but the house was not thrown into darkness as had been expected. A light coming from outside made it possible to see perfectly within the room. Things outside stood out as if a part of a great tableau. Even the sky seemed alight. Suddenly someone shouted, "Fire," and everyone rushed for the outside.

There was the engine whining and throbbing under its load of steam and throwing great sprays of sparks into the sky. The stack remaining to be threshed in the presence of this carefully prepared audience was a huge mass of flames.

Adam could see at a glance that to try to fight the fire would be hopeless. Some were running about in an attempt to combat the flames but the saner ones stood calmly by and waited for the fire to burn out.

The loss of the crop meant nothing to Adam. The thing uppermost in his mind was the chagrin he would feel at meeting his neighbors upon the morrow. He determined that at least one thing must be done immediately. He went quickly to the fence next to the road. There on a post rested the sign that he had nailed there in a moment of arrogance. That, at least, should not be seen again by those who were present. He tore it from its place and went toward the fire. He succeeded in hiding its face in the shadows until he was near enough to throw it. His movement toward the fire, however, had drawn the attention of everyone.

He hurled the board at the flaming stack. Call it luck, or fate, or providence, or what you will; at any rate the board stuck high on the side of the stack, face outward, plain to the view of all. Adam Crane's theory had been tried to his full satisfaction. His old theory died and the thing his neighbors had tried to teach him for many years began to take root as they stood together and read the inscription, "Watch my Sunday Crop."

Ogden, Utah

Sabbath Evening Prayer

Oh, thou who hast all gifts to give,
Be merciful to me,
For by thy word alone I live,
Now and eternally.

Thy spirit, striving with me still,
Makes me aware of sin,
And summons up my earnest will
Thy purity to win.

Oh, richly now thy grace impart,—
All things I need of thee,—
I ask the understanding heart;
The eyes, the will, to see;

The quiet mind, the spirit meek,
Wherein I shall, at length,
Achieve the victory I seek,—
Strong in thy perfect strength.

Benmore, Utah JEAN BENNION

NOTES ON THE BOOK OF MORMON

By J. M. Sjodahl

III.

The Characters. The letters on the plates, commonly called "characters," were a modified, or re-formed Egyptian alphabet. This must be inferred from the Book of Mormon itself. Nephi's statement (1 Nephi 1:2): "I make a record in the language of my father, which consists of the learning of the Jews and the language of the Egyptians," when read in the light of the explanatory note of Mormon: "And now, behold, we have written this record according to our knowledge, in the characters which are called among us the reformed Egyptian, being handed down and altered by us, according to our manner of speech" (Mormon 9:32)—can only mean that the authors of the book used the Hebrew language, which, however, gradually had changed as all languages do, and that they wrote it in some form of Egyptian characters.*

Facsimiles. During the time of December, 1827, and the following February the Prophet Joseph, then living on his farm near Harmony, Penn., copied a number of the characters, and translated a few of them, by means of the interpreters. When Martin Harris arrived in Harmony, in February, 1828, the Prophet gave him two specimens. Martin Harris, evidently anxious to know the truth for himself, proceeded to New York and submitted them to the inspection of Professor Charles Anthon, of the Columbia College, and also to Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, two eminent scholars. That the interview was perfectly satisfactory to Martin Harris, notwithstanding the account later published by Prof. Anthon, is proved by the fact that Harris joined the Church, after having assisted the Prophet to the utmost of his ability in the publication of his translation of the work.

Two Prints Extant. In the Church Historian's office, Salt Lake City, there is a photographic reproduction of a print, which purports to be a facsimile of one of the specimens which Martin Harris took to New York.† The characters are arranged in three horizontal lines. The document is known to have been in the possession of the Patriarch Hyrum Smith. Unfortunately, it contains an historical error in the statement that Martin Harris interviewed Prof. Anthon in 1827, whereas the date given in the Pearl of Great Price is February, 1828.

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*"This little colony brought with them from Jerusalem their ancient Scriptures engraved in Egyptian characters, on brass plates"—Orson Pratt, *Mill. Star*, vol. 38, p. 692. They were, consequently, familiar with some form of Egyptian letters.

†*Essentials of Church History*, by Joseph Fielding Smith; p. 63.

Another facsimile, containing a greater number of characters, is reproduced in Elder B. H. Roberts' *History of the Church*, published in the *Americana*.

Prof. Anthon, a few years after the interview with Martin Harris, repudiated the true story told by this gentleman, but in such a way as to throw doubt either upon the reliability of his memory or his veracity. The repudiation came in a letter to Mr. E. D. Howe, of Paynesville, Ohio, dated New York, Feb. 17, 1834, and it was intended for an anti-Mormon publication. In this letter he is alleged to have said of the paper brought to him by Martin Harris:

"This paper, in question, was in part a singular scroll. It consisted of all kinds of crooked characters, disposed in columns, and had evidently been prepared by some person who had before him at the time a book containing various alphabets, Greek and Hebrew letters, crosses, and flourishes; Roman letters inverted or placed sideways, were arranged and placed in perpendicular columns; and the whole ended in a rude delineation of a circle, divided into various compartments, decked with various, strange marks, and evidently copied after the Mexican calendar, given by Humbolt, but copied in such a way as not to betray the source whence it was derived. I am thus particular as to the contents of the paper, inasmuch as I have frequently conversed with my friends on the subject since the Mormon excitement began, and well remember that the paper contained anything else but 'Egyptian hieroglyphics.' " (*Mormonism*, by N. W. Green, Hartford, 1870, page 426.)

We owe Prof. Anthon a debt of gratitude for this minute description of the "scroll" he refers to. It proves, in the first place, that Martin Harris, in fact, had an interview with him; so there can be no doubt as to that. But it proves, in the second place, that the paper which the professor repudiates could not possibly have been the one submitted by the "plain farmer." Read the description again. Prof. Anthon says the "singular scroll" had characters copied from Hebrew, Greek, Roman, etc., alphabets, by someone who had the book containing such alphabets before him. That lets the young boy, Joseph Smith, and his associates at that time out of the case; for neither of them had, at that time, any such literature before them. He says the characters were arranged in "perpendicular columns." That is evidently not the case in the published facsimiles. Finally, he says the whole ended in a rude delineation of Humbolt's reproduction of the Mexican calendar. That proves positively that the paper Prof. Anthon is talking about is not the one Martin Harris exhibited. For neither Joseph nor any of his friends at that time was a student of Humbolt, and there is no picture, crude or otherwise, of the Mexican (Aztec) calendar stone on the facsimiles of Book of Mormon characters, now extant in print, and they were, unquestionably, the kind of, if not the very identical, characters which Martin Harris had in his possession.

Is it possible that someone had perpetrated a hoax on the professor, and, under an assumed name, submitted a paper such as that described in the Howe letter, just to accommodate Mr. Howe? Or was Prof. Anthon's memory so treacherous that it made him give a totally

fictitious description of the paper Martin Harris presented? The latter of these alternatives is the more probable; the first is not altogether impossible?

Dr. Plongeon versus Prof. Anthon. Dr. Augustus le Plongeon did not treat the characters with the contempt Prof. Anthon seems to have felt. In a letter to Elder D. M. McAllister, Salt Lake City, dated 18 Sidney Place, Brooklyn, June 20, 1892, Dr. Augustus le Plongeon writes, in part:

"I have carefully examined the characters on the plates from which the Mormon book was translated. "Although several resemble some on the old monuments and in the Maya codices, still the characters of the writings are in no way similar to that of the Mayainscriptions, or those on the tablets of Palenque. It seems to me they bear more similitude to the Old Phönician. Still I am free to say that the following are found in the Maya writings:

"〜(n), ⊔, or ⊏, or ⊓, ma (Egyptian and Maya), 'the land,' 'the country;' 田(h) Ah, 'the male,' or 'the powerful;' D or ⌓(t), symbol of Maya Tem, altar, or Egyptian T. 〜 This is the most significant. It is found in the Maya books, 〜, where it has the meaning of 'The lands of the West;' that is, North and South America, and the lost Land of Mu (Atlantis), indicated by the dot in the midst of the Ocean, contained within the shores of the Western continent from New Foundland and Cape St. Roque in Brazil."

In a note, Dr. Plongeon adds that a certain compound sign would in Maya glyphs mean Ah-tem, "he of the altar, either God, or th priest."

There is no reason to believe that Prof. Anthon knew a great deal about the Egyptian language or the literature of ancient America; but whatever may be said of Dr. Plongeon, he certainly must be recognized as a Maya scholar, and as such his criticism of the characters has considerable weight.

Egyptian Characters. A few words about the Egyptian characters may aid us in obtaining a better understanding of the relation of the Book of Mormon to the Egyptian.

The oldest Egyptian writings are pictures called hieroglyphs. Some tell us they were in use as far back as four thousand years before our era. In this writing a circle would represent the sun; a crescent, the moon; an oval, an egg; the picture of a man and a woman, mankind, and so on.

Those glyphs were also used symbolically. The circle repre-

senting the sun, could also stand for a "day," and the crescent, representing the moon, could stand for a "month." The picture of a pen and an ink-stand could mean "to write." The picture of a bee might mean "royalty," that of a vulture "mother," and that of a species of serpent, "God."

Most of the glyphs were used also as letters, representing elementary sounds. An eagle stood for "a," a human foot and leg for "b," etc. But the Egyptians were not satisfied with only one sign for each sound. They used a great many. Altogether they had in the neighborhood of a thousand hieroglyphs. They sometimes wrote in vertical columns, but more often in horizontal lines, either from left to right or from right to left. The figures were facing the side from which the lines were to be read.

The Hieratic Alphabet. A thousand signs were, of course, too much for practical purposes. Consequently, a smaller number, gradually, became more popular, as it were, than the rest, and were used to denote vowel and consonant sounds. Their forms, little by little, assumed simpler characteristics. The picture of the eagle, for instance, became only a line bent so as merely to suggest the outline of the bird. The same happened to other pictures. After a while forty-five such simplified characters had been adopted, and they have become known as the hieratic alphabet. This system of writing is also very old. It is known to present-day scholars chiefly from a manuscript in the National Library, Paris, called Papyrus Prisse, supposed to be one of the oldest books in existence. It was found in a tomb of Thebes, Egypt.

Demotic Signs. The Egyptians also had a third system of writing, generally called the demotic. This has been traced as far back as 900 B. C., and must have been known in Egypt and neighboring countries at the time of the emigration of Lehi from Jerusalem. It was really reformed hieratic Egyptian, simplified for social and business purposes. Gradually it became popular, and it was necessary to write royal decrees, intended for the people, in demotic characters in addition to the hieratic or hieroglyphic, which was understood only by scholars. The famous Rosetta stone has an inscription in hieroglyphs, demotic and Greek letters.*

Phoenician Characters. Another modified or reformed Egyptian originated in all probability in Phoenicia. Phoenicians, with their practical business sense, feeling the need of fewer and simpler letters than those used in Egypt, picked out twenty-one of the hieratic characters, re-modeled and re-named them. In this way, according to the French Egyptologist, Emmanuel de Rouge, originated the oldest Semitic alphabet. It has been called the Phoenician or Old Israelitic

*The Rosetta stone was found in 1779, but not until more than twenty years afterwards did Champollion begin to solve its riddles. Akerblad in 1802, and Young in 1818 announced the results they had obtained. Egyptology was in its very infancy when Martin Harris, in 1828, visited Professor Anthon in New York.

alphabet. As a matter of fact, it was Egyptian, reformed in Phoenicia and adapted to the needs of Semitic speech.

Aramean. In course of time the Old Israelitic was superseded by the Aramean characters, possibly through the influence of Ezra, as Jewish tradition avers. The square Hebrew letters now in use are the offspring of the Aramean, and they are, consequently, in fact, reformed Egyptian.

In Egypt, too, the reformed script known as the demotic, or encorian, superseded the hieratic to such an extent that, at the time of Herodotus, about 450 B. C., only the hieroglyphic and the demotic characters were known outside a small circle of scholars.† It is evident, therefore, that the writers of the Book of Mormon did in America what scholars in Egypt and Asia had done before them: They modified the Egyptian hieratic characters, or the Old Israelitic, which were themselves reformed Egyptian, to suit their purpose. It was the most natural thing for them to do.

The Flowers of May

The rainbow's arch oft illumines the sky,
While over the prairies the colors fly
To bring me the flowers of May.
The raindrops, glowing like gems and pearls
On plumy grasses and leafy whorls,
Their colorful gleam in each hue unfurls
To bring me the flowers of May.

The foot of the rainbow rests in the grass,
While cheerily over the spring showers pass
To bring me the flowers of May.
The robins and redbirds arrive and sing,
The orioles flash with a flaming wing;
The buds of the prairie are wakening
To bring me the flowers of May.

What hope the Spring-time is bringing to me!
A wonderful joy is in all I see,
And bringing the flowers of May!
Then come with thy sunshine so glad and gay,
And come with thy flowers in their bright array—
For May-time will bring me my wedding-day
Mid the beautiful flowers of May!

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

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†E. A. Wallis Budge, *A History of Egypt*, vol. 6, p. 198. Scribner's *Bible Dictionary*, under "Alphabet."

SCIENCE AND THE "MORMON" DOCTRINE OF THE RESURRECTION

By Dr. Joseph S. Amussen

There is a "star-dust" in our bodies. A glorious substance that is an inheritance from a divine past.

It is a material that is immortal and links the eternity of the past with that of the future. It is a "star-dust" which forms the intelligent and organizing principles which compose our real, individual bodies, and which clothes itself with the food substances we assimilate and use temporarily.

Joseph Smith was the first to call attention to these particles of matter. He called them the *fundamental parts* of our bodies.

It is interesting to note that scientists are approaching the same conception which was first given to the world by the Prophet.

In this article statements made by the prophets of God and by men of science will be compared in an effort to show that science is beginning to support this doctrine of the resurrection as held by the Latter-day Saints.

In dicussing the resurrection, Elder Orson Pratt remarked that man's body changes every seven years. The Prophet Joseph Smith who was present, then, made this statement:

"There is no fundamental principle belonging to a human system that ever goes into another in this world or the world to come; I care not what the theories of men are. We have the testimony that God will raise us up, and he has the power to do it. If anyone supposes that any part of our bodies, that is, the *fundamental parts* thereof, ever goes into another body, he is mistaken."—*History of the Church*, vol. 5, p. 339.

While reading *The Romance of Chemistry*, by J. Arthur Thompson,[a] I came across these words:

"Some biologists hold the view that there is an 'ultimate molecule of life' hidden in the protoplasm, which holds the secret of the endless building up and breaking down. Sir Ray Lankester gives this 'supreme life stuff' the name 'plastogen,' and says in regard to its workings that while they can be grouped with the chemical and physical qualities of other bodies, they so far transcend them in complexity and in immensity of result, (the whole creation of plant and animal life) that their appearance constitutes in effect, a new departure, a sudden and to us unaccountable acquirement."

This corroborates the teachings of the Prophet, and indicates that men of science are beginning to recognize the doctrine of a "fundamental principle" of matter in our bodies; and some, to give it a name, refer to it in such terms as "the ultimate molecule of life," "supreme life stuff," and "plastogen."

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[a]*Outlines of Science—The Romance of Chemistry*, by Arthur Thompson, vol 3, p. 718.

Professor Thompson, in his *Morse Lectures* for 1924, further states:

"With the naked eye we can see a frog's egg dividing into a ball of cells. It is a tenth of an inch in diameter, and with the help of a microscope we can watch the intricate maneuvers that are associated with cell division. Through a still better microscope we can see that the rodlets, or chromosomes within the nucleus of the cell are split longitudinally up the middle, so that each daughter cell gets a precise half of each rodlet, or chromosome, which consists of a row of microsomes like beads on a string. Beyond that we have not come to the *units that are fundamental;* the factors which carry the hereditary characters."[b]

While scientists thus indicate their belief in these fundamental principles of our bodies, yet they cannot find them, as professor Thompson admits: "In some cases we know a little about the behavior of these very important and extremely minute bodies; in some cases we can even make a shrewd guess at their size. But see them we cannot, and thus we get another illustration of the limit of the familiar saying, 'seeing is believing.' "

This inability of men of science to isolate these elements of our body organization was foretold by Brigham Young:

"Matter may be divided into an infinitude of atoms, until they pass beyond the powers of the microscope to discover them, and the most skillful scientist who dwells upon the earth knows not whither they go. My position is, which I declare to the Latter-day Saints, it is beyond the power of man, without revelation from God, with all his science to know whether these particles that compose our bodies go into other creatures to form a component part of their bodies, or whether they merely pass into the already organized body to resuscitate it and contribute to its sustenance. I declare to the Latter-day Saints, and to all living upon the earth who have intelligence to understand that the particles that comprise the component parts of our bodies will never enter into other bodies to form the elements of their bodies, but these very identical particles that now compose our bodies will be resurrected and come together by the power of the trump of God and will re-unite and form the body—excepting the blood, which will not be necessary to our existence in an immortal state, and then be prepared to receive the spirit, preparatory to their exaltation."

Professor Thompson further states that the conception that the body changes every seven years is only a guess and may not be true at all. This agrees with Brigham Young's teachings:

"The question may be asked, Do not the particles that compose man's body, when returned to mother earth, go to make or compose other bodies? No, they do not. Some philosophers have asserted that the human body changes every seven years. This is not correct, for it never changes. That is, the substances of which it is composed do not pass off and other particles of matter come and take their places. Neither can the particles which have comprised the bodies of men become parts of the bodies of other men, beasts, fowl, fish, insects or vegetables. They are governed by a divine law, and though they may pass from the knowledge of the scientific world that divine law still holds, and governs and controls them."

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[b] *Science and Religion,* by J. Arthur Thompson, M. A., L. L. D., Charles Scribners, 1925.

We see then that the statements of the Prophet and the statements of the scientists harmonize.

The Prophet declares:

1. That there are *fundamental principles* of matter in our bodies.
2. That these particles do not pass off and others come to take their places.
3. That the body does not change every seven years.
4. That science is powerless of itself to isolate and trace the *fundamental particles.*

Certain scientists state:

1. That there is an "ultimate molecule of life," a "supreme life stuff" that holds the secret of growth, heredity, the building up and breaking down of the tissues, and which is so intelligent and powerful in its actions "that their appearance constitutes in effect, a new departure, a sudden and to us unaccountable acquirement."
2. That the concept that the body changes every seven years may not be true at all.
3. That even with the most powerful microscope science has failed to isolate these particles of matter, showing that to the present time Brigham Young's prophecy that science could not find them is true.
4. Like the Prophet the scientist calls these particles the *fundamental units* of our body.

It is a testimony of the truth of our Prophet's teachings that years ago they announced these things and that today science is endorsing them. Science can accompany revelation to the threshold of eternity. Beyond this it cannot go. Science cannot understand the fundamental parts, or know the destiny of life or what becomes of the fudamental principles of our bodies after death. If this is true, then it is just as reasonable to suppose that science cannot know the origin of life or the origin of the fundamental principles of organization of our bodies on this earth. Theories of men that attempt to explain either must, in the nature of things, be wrong for only revelation can give this knowledge.

The prophet, advancing farther than science, tells us that these fundamental principles of our body will not be lost or enter into the body of any other living thing to become part of its body. That in the resurrection these elements will come together to form our new body and be clothed with immortality.

From all these data, let us see if we can come to certain conclusions as to the present state of our body and its relation to the resurrection.

We have bodies that are composed of bone, muscle, fat, blood, lymph, nerves and tissues. In all these tissues there is a building up and breaking down of complex chemical compounds. These substances are made into tissues. They give form and beauty to the body, and also supply energy. They are derived from the elements in food, drink and air.

These are not the fundamental parts of the body, however, for they are used and then discarded, and new substances come to take their place. This is not true of the fundamental parts. They never change. A person may fast for a certain period of time, and become very emaciated, "lose flesh" we say. People may live on their own tissues until they become almost "skin and bone," yet they live and can, when fed again, regain their former form and weight. During the fast, the fundamental parts of the body are not lost, but only the tissues that are taken into the body temporarily.

Therefore, we conclude that there are two distinct classes of matter in our bodies:

1. The fundamental parts or elements that give the body its organization as such, and are never broken down or cast away in the natural course of events.
2. Nutritive substances, matter that is used by the already organized body to resuscitate it and contribute to its sustenance. This later substance is acquired from the food and water we eat and drink, and the air we breathe; matter used only temporarily and then eliminated. We are not promised this will return to us in the resurrection.

It is the fundamental principles of the first classification that form our real body and which we have assurance will be resurrected. The nutritive substances have the same form, as a whole, as the body organization. So that if the fundamental parts were suddenly taken away from the rest, it would leave a shell that would probably, to all appearances, be the same body but without life.

It is reasonable to suppose, however, that when we are resurrected our immortal body will need food material just as does our natural body, although on a spiritual plane, and that it will have stored up in its tissues, matter that will be used temporarily, and eliminated just as is the case with our bodies at the present. Therefore, when a natural body is changed from mortality, "in the twinkling of an eye" and there is no decomposition in death, of the body, then it is also reasonable to suppose that the nutritional elements already in the body tissues will be changed to conform to the new conditions, and be used by the body just as it would be in this life. However, we are not promised that after the body has lain long in the grave and decomposition has taken place, that these nutritional elements will be restored, but only the fundamental principles, and then the body will receive nutritional materials in a way natural to it in its spiritual plane of existence.

Paul evidently had this in mind when he spoke of the resurrection: "But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body."

Edison, in answer to a question of what he thought the human soul to be, and if it is immortal, said: "I have stated many times, but no one understands, that man is not the unit of life; that he is as dead as granite; that the unit consists of swarms of billions of highly organized entities which live in the cells. I believe at times when a man dies this swarm deserts the body—goes out into space—but keeps on earth and enters another, or last, cycle of life. The swarms of entities are immortal."

The fundamental principles of matter of the Prophet, the fundamental units of matter of the scientist, the "entities" of Edison—all are one and the same—the divine "star-dust" of our bodies.

This leads to another interesting conclusion. A being may be resurrected and yet the old shell of temporarily used matter be in existence on earth. For instance: His mummy may exist, yet the fundamental principles of the body be called out of it and clothed with immortality, and there be no difference in appearance of the mummy.

We can see, then, how the resurrection could come upon us "like a thief in the night." Some of our friends may even now be receiving eternal bodies, and we not know of it, because their bodies in the grave could appear the same to us, whether or not the fundamental principles of matter were present or called out to form the new body.

We conclude, therefore, that science and the natural man cannot know the resurrection. Only through revelation can such knowledge come to man.

Santa Monica, Calif.

Fairy Night

Eastern skies are growing brighter,
Silver clouds are lined with gold,
Moon comes clad in golden armor
As the Fairy Knight of old.

Like a sleeping baby's breathing,
Wafts the breeze through blossoms white,
Bridal-wreathes and orange blossoms,
Dainty fairies of the night.

Gleaming in the silver moonlight,
Softly moving in the breeze,
Kissed by wand'ring, sprite-like moonbeams,
Stealing through the sleeping trees.

All the perfumed air seems magic,
Touched by Fairy Queen's white hand.
Misty blossoms, clouds and moonbeams
Make a mystic fairyland!

Scipio, Utah. NONA H. BROWN

THE LIQUOR SITUATION IN CANADA

By Frank C. Steele

The provinces of the Dominion of Canada, by the mandate of the people, are wet. The populous province of Ontario was the last to go into the wet column and its new liquor control legislation will be put into effect in time to enable the government to fatten its treasury this Summer at the expense of the American tourist, who finds plenty "north of the border" to quench his thirst.

As a neighbor to Uncle Sam, that good-natured young fellow, Johnny Canuck, is hospitable enough, particularly when it comes to the "brimming cup." Government vendors' stores, which retail the "hard stuff," and beer parlors—the old-fashioned bar in a new guise—are convenient and carry a complete stock.

"This is what we should have in the States," one often hears Americans say, referring to the system of government control. "You Canadians have the right system. You have eliminated the bootlegger and placed the profits that he was making in your government coffers to be used for public improvements. Yes, this is the only way to handle the liquor business. Prohibition in the States is a failure."

Now, that view is not shared by all American students of the liquor situation in the Canadian provinces. There are those who take an entirely opposite attitude and thousands of Canadians agree with them. For one may confidently say that the adoption of the 18th amendment by the United States congress is the greatest moral and economic reform that has taken place in any country since Abraham Lincoln signed his emancipation proclamation. It has enhanced the general prosperity of the United States to a degree that amazes Canadian and other foreign observers of the trend of business in the Republic.

Arthur J. Balfour says that Great Britain is at a 20 per cent disadvantage in world trade with the United States on account of prohibition. Canada is likewise placed at a marked disadvantage in international trade, not to mention the moral and social handicaps created by her reversion to the "open saloon" days.

Opponents of prohibition will argue that the bootlegger is the first-born of a dry regime. Is he? One need not look far to find that the type of man that turned bootlegger during prohibition is a type that we have had always, one who has no respect for law and order of any sort. This "weed" did not spring from the soil of prohibition during the dry period in Canada. Far from it. This is indicated in the fact that the invocation of sweeping government control legislation has not put the bootlegger out of business. He still thrives although the saloon interests and so-called moderationists will scout such a claim.

What are the facts? Take the province of Alberta, for example: There are more than a thousand drunkards interdicted in that province and of that number more than 600 were not holders of government liquor permits. The question is, Where did they get their liquor? The answer is plain. The bootlegger was at their elbow to take care of their wants.

Quebec has had government control for several years now. Turning from Alberta, a western province, to Quebec, what are the conditions? The *Montreal Star*, in summarizing the situation, has this to say: "Boisterous drinking and licentiousness are common. Drunkenness among women has increased fifty-three per cent." Jumping west again, this time to British Columbia, liquor board detectives estimate the number of bootleggers in Vancouver alone at 7000, and Mayor Webb of Winnepeg, after a tour of the prairies and the coast province made the remark that, "the liquor situation is a thousand times worse than under prohibition." The *Vancouver Sun*, at first an outspoken moderationist organ, said not long ago: "Public opinion is unanimous, British Columbia moderation is a failure, economically, socially and morally."

Recently an Australian, Miss Graccio S. Houlder, made a study of conditions in the United States. Her opinion was that "prohibition does prohibit, and a thousand times better than I ever expected to find it, according to wet propaganda in Australia and New Zealand."

Here is the view of an unprejudiced witness of conditions as they are. It has been widely quoted in Canada, for in Canada as in the Antipodes, the liquor interests have been loud and lavish in painting the "horrible truth" about the American liquor situation.

Government control is not a solution to the age-old problem. Thoughtful Canadians have learned that much. While it may swell the treasuries of the provinces somewhat, it impoverishes in countless other ways the economic and social structure of the commonwealth. It is a cunning camouflage.

Canadian prohibition leaders believe the wet wave will break in the next few years, that the swing of the pendulum will soon change. Drink is inherently wrong, contrary to nature and to the mind and will of God, and with this knowledge ever before them the dry forces are not dismayed by the strength of number rolled up by the "wrecking crew" of the organized Canadian brewers and distillers.

Prohibitionists are quietly repairing their broken ranks and clearing their decks for the fight ahead. They feel they are on solid ground, for as an English public man, Sir Ernest Benny, said recently: "Prohibition is primarily an efficiency scheme, it gives more production and no argument would appeal more strongly to American workers than that. Prohibition, in my judgment, is, therefore, an assured success from an American point of view, and there is little risk of a change in policy. It is without question the most serious industrial force in the world today."

Lethbridge, Canada.

A BEAR IN CAMP

By Carter E. Grant, Principal of Jordan L. D. S. Seminary

Seldom in these modern times does a person, with no weapon except a twenty-two rifle and a club, have the rare thrill of fighting a bear in the middle of the night. Here is Fred Allen's story of how it all happened while he and Joe Powers were in the Wasatch Range of the Rocky Mountains, prospecting for a long-lost gold mine:

The sun was just hiding itself behind the western peaks, began Allen, when we arrived, hungry and tired, at the Black Pine dipping corral, high up at a mountain meadow on the North Fork divide. The place was a one-horse affair and gave little hope for anything much better. Here we were in the very tops of the mountains. And to our joy, we found that the mouth of the long-looked-for canyon was right at hand. Yes, there it was, even more wild and rugged than all the stories ever told about it. But of its bears, including silver-tip grizzlies, of which we had so recently heard so much, we, as yet, had but little proof. But, before I proceed further, I want you to know we were not prepared for bears, and hoped we would not see one.

We secured the privilege of sleeping for the night in a tumble-down shed that opened off toward Thimble-berry Canyon. Ed Gastling, an inexperienced, young Englishman, who had summer charge of the place, was delighted to see us and to get some of the latest news from the outside world, even though at first he did eye us rather suspiciously.

Gastling seemed to know very little about the old mine for which we were searching, except that it was caved in and grown over with shrubs and willows. He did, nevertheless, know something about bears! And, much to our delight, just as the dusk of evening closed about us, he impressively related and motioned out his story of being chased out of Thimble-berry canyon by a huge, silver-tip grizzly the Summer previous.

Ed's expression, as he gazed out at us through thick spectacles, and wide-opened, talkative eyes, looked every act a frenzied, hatless Englishman, jumping past rock and stumps, flying down a difficult trail a few rods ahead of an angry bear. He more than affirmed all that the stage driver had spun out to us. "Then," he affirmed, as he finished his story and pointed in the shadow of the evening toward the mouth of the dark, lonesome canyon, "I built a fence above the mountain meadow there, and, you bet, my cows never got into that canyon again. In fact, I have never had any reason for going up there since; and I don't know as any of the herders have, either."

As Gastling bade us good-night, he turned his glasses upon us

again and added in a really friendly mood, "You fellows better sleep here in the shed nights. You couldn't get me to sleep in a little tepee up in that canyon all night, no sir! not me, not for any gold mine."

By sunrise next morning, we were across the mountain meadow; through the fence, and in the mouth of Thimble-berry canyon. We soon found the old, forsaken trail, but the usual heavy snows of Winter had so smashed the willows and brush into the path that it was with difficulty we were able to make much headway. Nevertheless, by winding in and out and across the noisy creek and back again, we covered the quarter of a mile up to the old workings.

As we sat on our packs across the creek from the old dump, we had a splendid view of the scenery. Nothing had been exaggerated! The canyon was wild and deep. It seemed the very birth-place of exquisite originality—elaborate, fascinating. No trace of human hands met the eye. Even the gentle breeze among the pines and rocks above us sounded vacant and lonesome-like. Only those who have viewed so new a world can appreciate what we saw.

After shaping up camp, we found our Dakota tepee was just large enough for the supplies and powders; in fact, it crowded them both a little. It was now decided that I would better sleep at the shed, a half mile below.

We soon learned for sure that there were grizzlies in Thimble-berry! Each night as I left camp, I tried to persuade Joe to roll up his bedding and come sleep with me at the corral, but he only laughed at my fear and pointed to his twenty-two rifle, exclaiming, "Here is my protection."

A few days after our arrival, while staking out a claim just above camp, we found fresh tracks of a huge grizzly and those of her two half-grown cubs. Moreover, the very next morning below camp, I ran into the same tracks in the trail. On such occasions, I just naturally peeked about, almost expecting to see something. Then, besides, I was nervous for Joe's sake, for I never knew, until I actually saw camp, whether I should find it still there or not.

Although Joe was rough and rugged and much accustomed to a rather hard life, he possessed an admirable sense of fidelity and tenderness toward his young wife and two kiddies at home. I hadn't forgotten seeing them bid him good-bye, and I knew how severely any accident to Joe would hit the little group. So, putting all thoughts together, I now positively insisted, "Joe, you absolutely know it is not safe for you to sleep off up here alone! Those three grizzlies are just prowling about, watching for a chance to do some mischief. If, one of these nights, the old lady and her cubs happen to take a liking for some camp-life, you'll be in for trouble, and a whole blamed peck of it, too!"

My arguments, however, did no good. He had set his mind to stay, and stay he would. Nevertheless, he always made up a good log fire which stayed alive until toward day-break. He did tell me,

though, that on several occasions he had heard noises out on the side-hill at night.

Well, on this particular evening, we finished our work rather late. After supper was over, we sat by the fire telling wild tales until it grew quite dark and shadowy. "Oh—ho!" yawned Powers, as I arose rather hurriedly to make tracks for my sleeping quarters, "here is where I roll in without any extra fire. I'm so blamed tired, if a whole herd of bears should come snooping into camp, I wouldn't open my eyes."

"Don't be too dad-burned sure!" I exclaimed, as I reluctantly called "pleasant dreams!" and left Joe stretched at full length before our little supper fire.

Hastening down the dark, winding, over-grown trail, I found a peculiar sense of fear seizing me. I peered ahead through the thick bushes, and, at times, even back of me, as if I really thought I were followed. I made good time and was much relieved when I stepped out into the mountain meadow that led a quarter of a mile away to the shed. As I turned and looked back, I exclaimed, "Great Scott, that's the biggest bunch of chills I have had since I was a kid!" But I did not know then that I had plenty more of them coming up just ahead of me.

After talking with Ed Gastling at the stable, for a while, I went to the shed and crawled up on the coarse hay to shape up things for the night. From the large open place where I was making my bed, I could see the dark mountains and the dim outline of the deep, black canyons. As I looked out into the night, it hardly seemed possible that there was a little camp and a human soul hidden in their vastness. "You're a fool, Joe!" I began vigorously commenting to myself, as I stirred up the hay beneath my quilts. Then, all of a sudden, above the noise I was making, I caught the fading cry of a strange howl, or long shout, coming from the mountains. Animal, or human? Heavens, how I chilled with anticipative fear as I dropped my bedding and stood breathlessly listening, with every nerve strained toward Thimble-berry canyon.

Instantly a voice in real English brogue from the stable door shouted, "Say, did you hear that?"

"Hear it! I should say I did. What was it?"

"I'll be blamed if I know!" Ed declared, with a touch of misgivings in his voice, as he came scrambling up beside me. Then we both stood anxiously looking and listening. In a low voice Gastling interrupted, "Say, was that an animal, or did it sound human to you?"

Such a suggestion running into my already fearful imagination, set the nervous chills racing. "No," I finally protested slowly, almost against myself, "I hardly think that sounded like a human call. But it's rather peculiar it stopped so suddenly." And then, after another wait, I inquired, "Do you think we should go up to camp?"

"Tonight?" He half echoed, as he seated himself on the quilts and turned his spectacles out toward the dark canyon. "Why, Joe would take us for fools," he finally added.

After talking it all over in subdued voices, we decided it must have been a wolf or some other animal howling. Then, again, each engaged in his own thoughts, we sat in silence.

"Heck," began Gastling, with a slight tremor in his voice, "you couldn't hire me to stay up there alone; beside there being bears in Thimble-berry, just over the ridge in Rock Creek, there are mountain lions. You can see the ridge from here. Well, last Fall just before I broke camp for the Winter, three different nights, I heard a lion roaring on that hill there. And, then, Shaws actually saw a big, cat-like fellow creeping across their meadows about a mile below here. Oh, they're in there all right, and if Powers had any sense, he would never risk his life by insisting on staying up there alone." Again he rehearsed the story of his fleeing down Thimble-berry's rough trail, past the old mine, where Joe was now camped, and out into the mountain-meadow clearing where I had so recently crossed. I got the effect for sure!

As we again listened in silence, everything seemed hushed of its usual daylight noises. The various night sounds from the deep canyons and the dark, lonesome mountains, some distinct and close, others inarticulate and far away, all came drifting to our susceptible ears. Nearby on the hill-side, every now and then, we heard the sharp, chattering bark of a pair of noisy coyotes, while from some distant, bald knoll came the plaintive lullaby of another. At intervals, from out the quaking asps and willows back of the barn, some mountain night-bird whistled its pathetic and half apologetic call, now and then to be answered by its mate over in the creek bottom.

Finally, as Gastling arose to leave, he commented rather positively, "One of these mornings when you reach camp, you are going to find your friend all doubled in a heap. I wish he would sleep here after this." So saying, he slid down and left me alone for the night.

For an age I sat listening, looking, and imagining all sorts of trouble, all the while keeping the quilts pulled up around me to keep out the chilly, mountain breeze. As I looked, a dark object came toward me from the meadow; "a huge grizzly, of course!" I thought. My hair began standing. It wasn't Powers. Now, as it came closer, I made it out for sure—a two-year-old heifer! "Thank goodness!" I exclaimed. And again I realized how helpless Powers would be if a grizzly should visit him.

I finally lay down, but always with my best ear toward Thimble-berry's dark, shadowy canyon. Time wore on. Sleep seemed out of the question. Sitting up a dozen different times, I resolved to get the Englishman and strike out for camp. Then, after running it all over again and again, I would decide that the cry must have been that of

a wolf; but in the very next breath I would chide myself for staying at the shed.

At last I dropped off into weird dreams, many times worse than my wakeful imaginations. Several times, as I aroused myself from these horrible night-mares, I would be half sitting up in bed, staring out into the darkness. I even dreamed that fool heifer was a real bear, that it climbed up close beside me, that I couldn't move a peg until I felt its rough paw in my face. Then, how I threw covers and fought pillows until I awoke! And thus the night wore away.

At last, sure enough, daylight was here. My eyes searched everything before me; the meadow, the mouth of the canyon, and

THE FESTIVE BEAR IN HIS NATURAL HABITAT

even the mountains in every direction. I really expected to spot disorder somewhere. Seeing no signs of disturbance, I quickly slid down from the hay and hurried to the shack.

Bang, bang, bang! went my knocks on the shanty door.

"What's up? What is it?" rang out the Englishman's alarmed voice as he popped out of bed.

"Say," I called, "I wonder if I may take your gun up the canyon with me this morning?"

"Yes sir, to be sure; shells, too. But this blamed gun's not

much for bear," he continued as he handed them out the door. "Just a single shot. Yet it might help out if you're caught in a pinch. I've heard of 'em killing bears with a shotgun. Heard anything more?"

"Not a thing," I admitted as I quickly slipped a shell into the barrel and hurried away. I could hear the Englishman still talking as I turned out of sight past the corner of the shed.

A few minutes later, with my gun ready for immediate use, and another shell ready in my hand, I began winding among the shadowy clumps of thick saplings and willows in the creek bottom. My usual early morning blitheness, which was generally keenly vibrant with whistling or singing, had fled. A nervous sense of duty held its place. I was not particularly cold, yet the chills kept piling in. At each opening I peered toward camp with longing hopes that, as usual, I should see fresh smoke from the morning fire. At each bend I grew more uneasy; I carefully scanned the trail as I proceeded. The whole truth would in a moment be told, for I was now at the last sharp turn which brought me within the clearing, not thirty feet from the tepee. I was trembling; how the creek roared; every nerve seemed strained for what I might see.

For a moment I hesitated at the edge of the opening and set my eyes upon the tent door. It was untied. One swift glance told me something was wrong! I ran forward. Near the dead campfire ashes, lying in the dirt, were the kettles and frying pan. I hurried to the tent door and threw it open. Empty! I was not a bit surprised. Being frightened hardly expresses my feeling. Raising my gun, I stared into the bushes on every side.

"Great Scott, there has been a fight!" I exclaimed. For there lay Joe's rifle stock, splintered and broken. A little farther toward the trail was the blood-stained barrel. The grass and weeds were mashed. There, too, lay a heavy, used club. Things were spattered with red. Here was the death struggle! A new frenzy of reality fairly surged through me.

Shouting now at the top of my voice, getting louder with each call, I cried "Oh—Joe! Oh—Powers! Joe—Oh, Joe!" The incessant roar of the creek mocked my voice. Again and again I fairly screamed out my calls. But it was of no use. There came no answer, not even an echo.

It now all flashed back to me; I had heard Joe's last shout the night before. Things fairly whirled. What should I do? No one can ever guess all that flashed momentarily through my head. Holding tightly to my gun, I took a few steps through the bushes up the trail. Something had been dragging, and here was more blood. Following the trail, I crossed the creek, paying little attention whether I waded or stepped on the rocks. As there were no signs in the dirt on the other side, I hurried back. Here the trail turned abruptly up the hill through the trees and bushes. I hesitated. What should I do? What could I do? My help was too late. I could plainly

see that. Eight hours before, and I might have been in time. The fight was now settled. Alone, I feared the terrible task before me. A thousand ghastly scenes flew through my brain. I hurried back to camp to think. —I felt I must secure the aid of the Englishman, and, possibly, a horse or two.

I picked up the battered gun. What a struggle it showed. I knew Joe Powers enough to realize that every nerve and muscle must have fairly broken before he went down beneath his overpowering enemy. "Oh, why wasn't I here? How shall I send word to his wife and those kiddies?" These thoughts all cut me with impressive bitterness. Try as I would I couldn't keep the tears out of my eyes. I had heard the call; others would know it; everyone would blame me. Those condemning facts went deep into my already disturbed feelings. With my wits half fled, I seemed hardly to be myself.

Again I looked about me. Then, murmuring through my set teeth, I declared, "That damned old grizzly's done this! She and those infernal cubs will pay for it!" My right senses seemed to be returning. In place of fear, I began feeling almost furious. Although I knew something of the domineering fighting methods of an old she grizzly; that at close quarters her over-powering strength could hardly be reckoned with; with it were these rough-shod characteristics that made her the hated beast of her tribe; still I was determined to try and atone for my wrong, and to do it alone.

"Can it still be possible," I reasoned, "that off on some lonely side-hill, torn and bleeding, at this moment, Joe is still alive and is plainfully crawling toward me?" My liveliest imaginations startled me. Grasping my single-barrel gun, I sprang forcefully and determinedly up the trail.

As I turned off deliberately up the hill and through the brush, I knew I was chasing trouble and fully expected to find it. I had taken but a dozen paces, when up came my gun all cocked and ready for use. There was a dragging noise above me through the brush. It was coming toward me. Just then Joe came into full view, dragging a pole. Down went his stick, and up went both hands as he shouted, "For heaven's sake don't shoot! What's the matter?"

As I quickly turned the gun aside and lowered the hammer, Joe came down to the place where I stood. He did not have to guess twice to balance things up. He knew I had seen the trouble in camp and was now on the blood-stained trail. Placing an assuring yet sympathetic hand on my shoulder, he commented, "I am very sorry you arrived before I got things straightened up a bit. I expected to be back before you got there. You're extra early this morning! I guess you got a hunch something was wrong."

I tried to say something, but a lump in my throat held it back and my husky voice sounded strange and peculiar, about the way I felt and looked. "Come down to camp," he exclaimed, as he stepped

back for his dry pole, "come, and I'll tell you all that happened."

"Well," began Joe, calmly, as he struck a match to some pine splinters and blew the blaze into a flaring flame, "you see I had a visitor last night. I guess you saw how I fixed that little gun of mine. That club though, that's the thing I finished it with."

"Finished it!" I half echoed. "Did you really kill it?"

"Kill it, why, I should say so. It lies over in the trees just above where we met." Again he paused and began putting more wood on the fire.

"For goodness sakes, go ahead." I almost commanded.

"You see," he explained, "when you left for the shed last night, I did not bother to rake up any big wood. I just made a rousing brush fire and rolled in. Not long after I had been in bed, I was rather startled by the finest specimen of a wolf's howl you ever heard. The blamed thing came out on that ridge right there and let off a real forest screech. I sat up in my tepee and waited for another call but it didn't come."

"Yes," I interrupted understandingly. "Goodness knows I heard it!"

"Lying back down again," he continued, "I was soon fast asleep and knew nothing more until I heard something walking in those dry leaves a few yards from the tent. The wolf was the first thing that entered my mind, but when the clumsy thing ran into my tepee guide rope, bobbing the tent about, I knew then it wasn't a wolf. Fearing I should attract attention, I lay mighty near breathless. After reaching the fire-place, the animal, as you see, stirred things about a bit. And then I heard it licking the bacon grease from the frying-pan. I still thought I should get by without its coming to the tent, if my visitor were an ordinary black bear; but somehow or other, I had it in mind that it was old Mrs. Grizzly, and that her cubs were nearby, waiting to be called to the feast.

"If all our supplies, including that blamed bacon and honey, had not been with me in the tent, I should not have been half so nervous. I knew if that infernal huzzy turned her nose my way, she would know everything we had in our grub-box.

"In a few minutes, the licking and noise among the kettles ceased. It seemed an age before I heard the next sound. The roar of the creek kept me from hearing all that was going on. And then, with a little, sneezing, snuff-like sound, the beast came right up to the tent, not a foot from my head. I'll always believe I could feel its warm breath right through the canvas. Realizing that one stiff root with its head or one swift swat with a paw would leave me without any covers, I sat up in a hurry.

"Again everything was still, for when I moved, it stepped aside a little. Back it came, however, and I was sure it had smelled its dinner. I knew a bear's sturdy appetite for bacon and sweets; that this crazy passion would not let it budge until it got its fill.

"I guess I was excited, all right, for I fumbled about until I got hold of that twenty-two rifle. Quickly slipping in a shell, I decided—well, to tell the truth, I hardly knew just what I was going to do. At that moment it reached under the tent and got hold of that heavy, brown wrapping paper and began trying to pull it out from under me. Say, I just whirled the gun onto its paw or nose and came mighty near pulling the trigger. Realizing, however, that to wound the enemy might end the fight in a hurry, I let the hammer back down. As it now seemed bent on coming in, I felt I must fight it and do it quickly, and I did not care about handling it all wound up in tent affairs, either.

"A little light, at that moment, coming from the last quarter of the moon, threw a dark shadow of the animal against the tent. It didn't look to be a huge affair, possibly a cub. Mrs. Bruin, likely, was near camp and would be along any minute. I admit I was nervous all right. Use the gun for a club, my swift thoughts suggested, and smash that thing across the back with such force that you'll uncouple its vertebra! Believing such was possible, for there seemed nothing else to do, I nervously untied the tent and quietly pulled the shell from my gun.

"Ready now for the fight, I slipped stealthily out into the darkness, and with the rifle barrel gripped in my hands, I peered around the canvas. There the thing was, standing broad-side close to me with its snooping nose down at the bottom of the tent. In the darkness I couldn't tell what it was. I did not wait, however, to be seen. I grasped the gun more tightly, then giving a full swing, I brought the rifle down on the beast's back with a thud. The stock flew to pieces. The animal gave a little groan-like cry and went backward into those bushes. Dropping the gun, I grabbed up that club and followed with wallops that would have killed an elephant. Heavens, you should have seen me fight. My home-run smashes would have put Babe Ruth to shame. Blamed near made mince meat out of it before I took a breathing spell.

"What I had I did not know, but I knew full well it was deader than a door nail. You know how cloudy and dark it was, except now and then when the tiny moon peeked through the clouds a little. But I could now see a little better. There I stood, bare-headed, barefooted, in my underclothes, gripping that big club covered with the mix-up. I felt like a conqueror indeed. I reached out and poked the beast over somewhat. I leaned down to take a good look. Then, dropping my weapon in a hurry, I fairly shouted in surprise, "Good heavens! I've killed a porcupine!"

A Great Horned Owl

"A wise old owl, when the night was dark,
Sat on an oak in Zion Park.
The more he saw the less he spoke,
The less he spoke the more he heard:
Why can't we be like that wise old bird?"

A TEACHER'S PASSING THOUGHTS

By Andrew M. Anderson

Vacation time is here. Already the grass that was discouraged by the feet at play has commenced a revival of growth. Within the building the dust of a few days has accumulated on the school room desks, and only memories of active yesterdays linger. Invading the silence, I climb the stairs to finish my reports and put away my books. Tomorrow I shall not be here.

The unusual quietness compels lines of thought foreign to the tasks at hand. The memories of the past year spent in this room are merged into a general pleasant impression. The discouragements are forgotten. And now I am sitting in the same room, surrounded by the same scarred desks and thumbed books that were here last week. But they are as useless as the city scrap heap, as long as the students are not here to use them. I am as useless here as they are. Tomorrow I shall take a pleasant journey that will lead me to other fields of activity. The children are already happy in their new freedom and experiences. Soon another group and another teacher will fill the place we have vacated. They will remain a while, then they will make room for another group. There will be continual change and progress.

Stretched before me are many years, leading to endings of work, and to travels to new fields. Finally this busy life itself will near its end. Many of those who have contributed to my joys and sorrows will be gone, to make room for those who follow. Then I will be as useless as I am here in this building with the closed books and empty seats. When that time comes, may I finish a few tasks, and, with pleasant memories, go elsewhere to commence anew the duties of another life. For

"I think of death as some delightful journey
That I shall take when all my tasks are done."

Cedar City, Utah.

In Tune

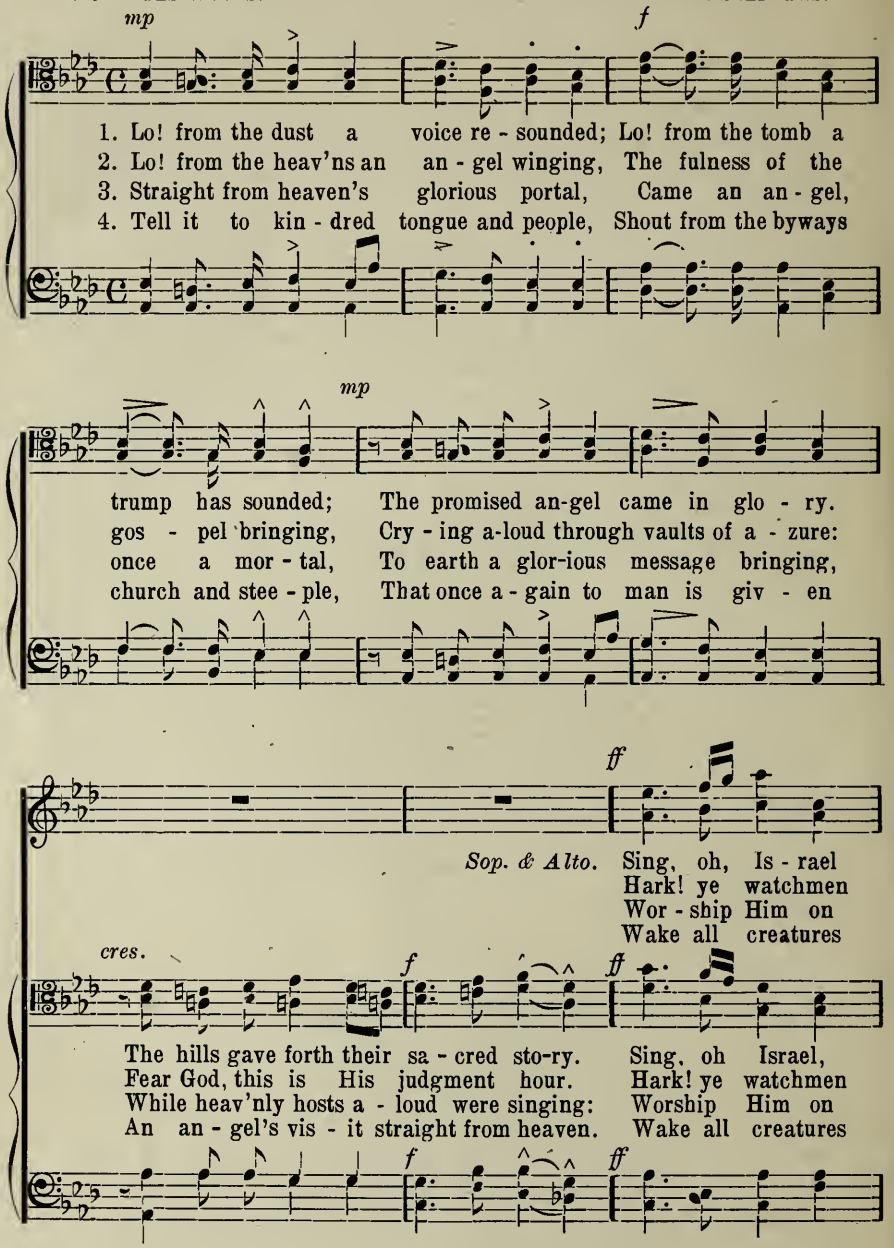
The day has been dark and dreary,
My task has been hard and long,
But I am not sad or weary,
For deep in my heart, there's a song.

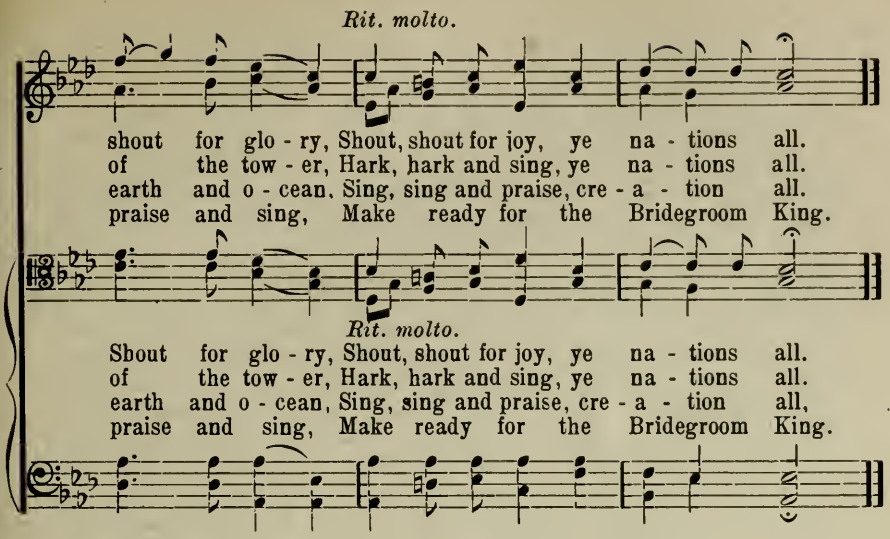
A song that springs up like the fountain
From depths of an infinite calm,
And woes that seemed greater than mountains
Are buried in heavenly balm.

Raymond, Canada. Helen Kimball Orgill.

THE LATTER-DAY MESSAGE

M. CHARLES WOODS. EVAN STEPHENS.





Putting It Over

It isn't a step from oblivion to fame,
It isn't a whim or a notion,
You've something to do when you carve out a name
That carries from ocean to ocean;
It's putting it over and making it truth—
The vision you dream in the days of your youth!

It isn't a gift that the fairies bestow,
It isn't the thing you inherit,
That makes you a genius—it's burning to know
And working it up into merit;
It's over-time, all-the-time bent on the game,
That puts you at last in the public acclaim.

It isn't a fling from defeat to success.
It isn't a sunburst of glory,
It's simply no more and it's simply no less
Than is found in the commonest story:
It's pegging and plugging at deeds that exceed,
And sticking out till it has to succeed.

Mesa, Arizona. BERTHA A. KLEINMAN.

SPRINKLING IS NOT BAPTISM

By J. M. Sjodahl

Our missionaries in the field sometimes encounter the assertion that when the Lord, through the Prophet Ezekiel, says he will "sprinkle clean water" upon the house of Israel, "and ye shall be clean," he refers to baptism, and that, therefore, the baptism instituted by our Lord can be administered in the form of sprinkling. This is a misunderstanding of the passage quoted.

In the prophecy, the Lord promises the House of Israel, through the prophet, that the time will come, when he shall gather his children out from among the nations of the earth. They had "defiled" their own land "by their doings;" their "way" was in the sight of God "unclean," and their scattering is compared to the isolation of a polluted person (see Lev. 15); but the Lord said he would again take them from the heathen; the isolation as unclean would be terminated, and they would be brought back into their land, and, "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." (Ezek. 36:25.)

Ezekiel was a Jew, and he spoke as a Jew to Jews. We must, therefore, turn to the Mosaic law, to find out just what his message to the people means.

In Leviticus 14, we find the law relating to the cleansing of lepers. The priest is there enjoined to take for him that is to be cleansed two birds, "alive and clean," and scarlet wool, and hyssop. One bird was to be killed in an earthen vessel over running water. The other bird, the cedar, the wool and the hyssop were to be dipped in the blood of the slain bird, which was contained in the vessel together with the water from the running stream. Then he was to sprinkle this blood seven times upon him that was to be cleansed, and after that ceremony, the unclean was to be pronounced clean, and the living bird was set free. However, he was not yet ready to resume his place among the people. After he had been pronounced clean, he had to pass through another cleansing process, consisting in the washing of his clothes and his entire body in water, "that he may be clean," not only ceremonially and typically, but actually. First then was he admitted to the camp, and after seven days, and another complete washing of clothes and body, he was admitted to the presence of the Lord at the Tabernacle, with his sacrifices, and to receive his anointing.

It will be observed that two different processes enter into this ceremonial; one is "sprinkling," and the other is "washing" and "bathing."

In Numbers, chapter 19, the law concerning the purification of those who are unclean is stated.

The children of Israel are there commanded to bring to Eleazar, the priest, a red heifer. This was to be slain outside the camp, and the priest dipped his fingers in blood and sprinkled it "before the tabernacle of the congregation seven times." Then the remains of the animal were burnt, together with cedar wood, hyssop, scarlet wool, and the ashes were gathered up and kept for the children of Israel. The ashes were mixed with water, and this water was used for ceremonial purification. It was "the water of sin," that is to say, the water that purifies from sin.

Now, if anyone touched a dead body, or if anybody was present at a death bed, he was unclean. In fact, many things resulted in rendering a person "unclean." The law was that, for purification, a clean person should dip a sprig of hyssop in the water of purification mixed with the ashes of the heifer and sprinkle it upon, not only the unclean person, but also upon the tent and the vessels. This was to be done on the third day after the uncleanliness had been contracted, and also on the seventh day. And on the seventh day, the unclean person was to wash himself and his clothes, and bathe himself in water, and then he was clean in the evening, that is at the beginning of the 8th, the next day, since the Jews began their day in the evening. (Numbers 19:2-19.) Read carefully the entire chapter.

Here again two distinct processes are prescribed by the law; one is sprinkling of water (the water of purification); the other is washing and bathing.

The sprinkling with the water of purification, which, in the case of the slain bird, was mingled with blood, and in the case of the heifer, with the ashes of the sacrificed victim, typified the atonement of Christ, who was slain for the sins of the world. The unclean Israelite was vicariously slain in the sacrifice he brought to the altar of God; and he was forgiven and accepted, not because of any virtue in the sacrifice, but in that which the sacrifice typified; viz., the atoning death of the Lamb of God. That was what the sprinkling with the water of purification meant to the Jew who understood the spirit of the Law of Moses.

But then came the washing and bathing in water. That was not sprinkling. We all know what bathing is. The word in the original for washing here means fundamentally to "subdue," as when clothes are completely submerged in a tub of water and pressed down by the foot. And this typifies the cleansing baptism which is one of the sacred ordinances of the Church of Christ. It was only after the washing and bathing that the Israelite, who had been unclean, was admitted to the sanctuary of the Lord.

Now we can understand the meaning of the promise of the Lord through Ezekiel. He tells his polluted and isolated children that he would end their isolation, and sprinkle the water of purification on them, and also cleanse them from all their idols. Note the two-fold

process of sprinkling and cleansing. Having thus accepted the atonement of Christ and the baptismal bath, they would have a new heart and a new spirit, and receive the Spirit of God, who would cause them to walk in his statutes and keep his judgments. (Ezekiel 36: 25-32.)

That the sprinkling which is prescribed in the Law of Moses, and of which the prophets speak, refers to the atoning blood of Christ and not to baptism is made absolutely certain and beyond dispute by the Apostle Paul in his letter to the Hebrews. He says: "For when Moses had spoken every precept to all the people according to the law, he took the blood of calves and of goats, with water, and scarlet wool, and hyssop [that is the water of purification] and sprinkled both the book and all the people, [He did not baptize both the book and the people], saying, This is the blood of the testament, which God hath enjoined unto you. Moreover, he sprinkled with blood [the sacrificial water and blood prescribed by the law] both the tabernacle and all the vessels of the ministry. [He did not baptize the tabernacle.] And almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission. It was therefore necessary that the patterns of things in the heavens should be purified by these [i. e., by the blood, water, scarlet wool and hyssop]: but the heavenly things themselves with better sacrifices than these."

And these better sacrifices are those, the apostles says, of Jesus Christ himself, who was offered once, to bear the sins of many; "and unto them that look for him shall he appear a second time without sin unto salvation." (Heb. 9:19-28.)

And, to remove all possible doubt, the Apostle Paul, further says: "Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water." (Heb. 10:22.) Here again it is clear, that the sprinkling refers to the purification of the *heart* through faith in the atoning work of Christ, and that it is something distinct from, although closely connected with, the outward ordinance of baptism, which admits to the communion of saints and the sanctuary of God.

Creation

The builder of worlds wrought again,
And morning stars great anthems raised,
While sons of God, in sweet refrain
Of gratitude, the whole scheme praised;
For, in the depths of space, remote,
God spake the word—the earth began,
In orbit well defined to float,
A fitting domicile for man.

Los. Angeles, Calif. OCTAVE F. URSENBACH.

THE VOICE OF THE VELDT

By Kenneth C. Woodruff

The sun beats down on the barren veldt;—as far as the human eye can follow the road, a rough, rutty track through the stones and brush lies unsheltered. Its dust is stirred at times into dense, spiral columns, it seems, by the devil's own hand. On each side, stretching away towards the horizon, is the bare, brown earth, the endless monotony of it broken only by undulating hills, as bare as they are brown, and occasionally by a flat, jagged rock—a table mountain in miniature. True, there are some ant heaps, baked hard by the pitiless sun, dotted about at random; but they are brown, too, and hardly large enough to show against the sky.

A flock of sheep gnaw hopelessly at sapless stalks. A stray battalion of locusts flap angrily through the air, in search of something green. The only happy creature in existence, apparently, is a brightly colored, bold lizard, which basks comfortably in the awful glare and heat, winking vindictively at the space about him.

The veldt is wide, desolate, hungry. The bigness of it all, and its blank waste, falls upon one's spirit and almost crushes it. In its sight, man and man's affairs are little, inconsequent. Heaven is far away, behind the hard, high blue; and God—God seems far away, too. Thus urges the Voice of the Veldt, borne on a wind like the breath of an oven. It is a voice that stifles all upward strivings; that stings hope into a thing half desperate and half callous, leaving behind it droughty hearts in a land of drought.

But at last comes evening! The dust devils, far into the distance behind the cart track, have danced their last dance of wild, weird horror. No stir of life can be heard for miles around. The wonderful stillness that belongs alone to vast expanses at the close of day broods

over the seemingly limitless veldt. But its greatness no longer crushes one. It is as wide, true, but its very breadth and length, and the great sky-covering above, wrap the earth with a tenderness indescribable. From that embrace man rises flushed and smiling, loved into a new enthusiasm, calmed into such peacefulness as is almost awe.

Behind the hill lies the gorgeous after-glow of a South African sunset. Great, blending strokes of red and gold—colors more clear and harmonious than even an "angel painter" could produce. Slowly, reluctantly, they deepen into purple; into grey; deepen, deepen still, until, finally, the dying day puts on a shroud of inky blackness and disappears.

Soon the moon shines out; myriad stars twinkle through the darkness; and, lo! the Spirit of the Veldt is again abroad. Then does man bow in adoration before its second voice. The mystery and magnitude almost overpower him. But the whisper on the cool night air is a word of life, hope, encouragement, assurance,—"God is great, and God is good;"—and, through the mighty stillness, it cleaves for itself a foot-hold in the human heart.

Kimberley, South Africa.

Heart's Gold

List' while I tell you a tale, dear,
'Tis a tale that's often been told,
'Tis a story as old as the hills,
And as rich as a Garden of Gold;

A story that's told in the dusk,
When the moon sheds light o'er the world,
When flowers fold their petals in sleep,
And the flag at the mast-head is furled.

When lovers stroll in the moonlight,
With a love arrow Cupid wakes,
When the rest of the world is asleep,
Then to you my story I take.

But the story I'll tell to you,
My lips ne'er before have told,
And I hope that to you 'twill be,
A story that ne'er will grow old.

A treasure I've kept in my heart,
A treasure of silver and gold,
That only your Loveship can bear;
To another it ne'er shall be told.

Oh! If you accept my heart, dear,
My life and soul shall be yours,
For my treasure of gold is my heart,
In return I'd like to have yours.

Cascade, Montana. LUCY BINGHAM

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

It has been ordered by the First Presidency that divisions of missions heretofore called conferences, shall hereafter be known as districts; and that the word conference shall apply to the general meetings or gatherings of the people in the districts or missions.—*Editors.*

"Behold, I send you out to prove the world, and the laborer is worthy of his hire. And any man that shall go and preach this gospel of the Kingdom, and fail not to continue faithful in all things, shall not be weary in mind, neither darkened, neither in body, limb, nor joint; and a hair of his head shall not fall to the ground unnoticed. And they shall not go hungry, neither athirst."—D. and C. 84:79, 80.

Progress in the United States

People Active in East Texas: Missionaries are accomplishing much in East Texas. We have three Mutual Improvement Associations, and the young people are responding more and more to proper teaching and are taking active part in educational and recreational programs. Missionaries find prejudice disappearing in sections, and public places, such as Y. M. C. A. buildings, are opened to them that they may deliver the message of the restored gospel.—*Elder Casper W. Merrill.*

MISSIONARIES LABORING IN EAST TEXAS DISTRICT

Front row, left to right: B. W. Cardon, Sister Charlotte T. Bennion, president mission Relief Societies; Samuel O. Bennion, mission president; Casper W. Merrill, district president; L. J. Moosman. Standing: Eliza Stark, Wilford Wrigley R. H. Moon, A. C. Vail, T. E. Wilcock, J. H. Heaton, Ethel Smith.

East Texas missionaries teaching school in Kelsey and Enoch, are: Carrie Toland, Emma Noble, Anna Boss, Louise Shoell, Nell Huff.

Manitoba Missionaries Making Friends: According to President John G. Allred of the Northcentral States mission, the missionaries of the Manitoba district are enjoying unprecedented success in their labors. In the course of their work, new friends are found daily, and it is their hope and expectation that the near future, through the medium of street meetings, will see a great many more raised up with whom they might labor in the great gospel cause.

MISSIONARIES OF THE MANITOBA DISTRICT

Top row, left to right: Boyd Squires, G. Gordon Whyte (visitor from Regina, Sask.), Samuel J. Walburger, Ira LeRoy Jackson. Middle row: June Davis, Wilma Ricks, Hannah Whiting. Front row: E. Albert Rosenvall, Manitoba district president; George F. Richards, of the Council of the Twelve; John G. Allred, president of the Northcentral States mission; Harold O. Merkley, outgoing district president.

Chapel Dedicated in Bakersfield: The Latter-day Saint chapel in Bakersfield, California, which was recently purchased and remodeled, was dedicated on March 6, 1927, to the delight and satisfaction of all the members in that district. In the opinion of Branch President John S. Benting, the secret of their success is unity, cooperation, everyone doing his best. Besides the chapel, the Saints there have also built a modern bungalow as a home for their missionaries. In the erection of this house, which has an estimate value of $2,500, only $7.50 was paid out for labor.—*Elder V. Linford.*

BAKERSFIELD WARD CHAPEL, CALIFORNIA MISSION

Left from Mission President Joseph W. McMurrin is John S. Benting, president of the Bakersfield branch; J. E. Smith, first counselor; Norville Slaughter, second counselor.

Work Progressing in Western Pennsylvania: The West Pensylvania district of the Eastern States mission held an inspiring conference in the city of Pittsburg on March 27, 1927. About four hundred Saints and investigators were in attendance. Mission President B. H. Roberts, with a few of the missionaries, delivered some encouraging and inspirational sermons. In the afternoon an impressive baptismal service was held. After conference the missionaries were assigned to their various fields of labor. The missionaries in this district find comfort and encouragement in every number of the *Improvement Era*.—*Elias A. Dawson*, president of the West Pensylvania district.

Maryland Conference: The semi-annual conference of the Maryland district, including the states of Deleware and Maryland and two counties in Southern Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia, held February 26-27, in Baltimore and in Washington, D. C. President B. H. Roberts of the Eastern States mission attended and gave judicious instructions to the missionaries at a Priesthood meeting in Baltimore. President Roberts and President Golden K. Driggs, of the Maryland district, went to Washington in the evening, where a unique Priesthood meeting was held. There are about three hundred members of the Church, and forty responded to the hurry-up call for a special Priesthood meeting. Every person who attended held the Melchizedek Priesthood. President Roberts asked the members assembled to remember what it is to be a servant of God. One purpose of the meeting was to choose a branch president to succeed Brother L. E. McArthur, who was recently released. Elder Hugh W. Colton was chosen president of the branch. Two excellent meetings were held in Washington on Sunday. On Sunday evening the conference was concluded with a large meeting in the Baltimore chapel, at which

service President Roberts spoke on Book of Mormon prophecy and its fulfilment.—*Golden K. Driggs, president Maryland district.*

MISSIONARIES OF MARYLAND DISTRICT

Front row, left to right: Mamie E. Morgan, local; Golden K. Driggs, president Maryland district; B. H. Roberts, mission president; Phyllis Palmer; Hazel Nelson. Second row: Clarence J. Stoker, Anthony J. D. Schetselaar, Wells G. Monk, Stanley R. Gunn, Clyde Barker. Third row: Franklyn R. Law, Thomas C. Hunt, J. Alex Bevan (short-term, released), William T. Shaw (released).

Annual Conference Held at Honolulu

The Annual conference of the Hawaiian mission was held April 8-10, in the Kalihi chapel, at Honolulu, and proved to be one of the most successful ever conducted at the Pacific Crossroads. More than two thousand Saints from all parts of the Islands were in attendance.

During the three days, the following meetings were held: General services, General Priesthood convention, Relief Society convention, Auxiliary Officers and Teachers convention, Sunday School convention, Primary pageant, and the Annual M. I. A. Island contest.

Just prior to the conference, the missionaries laboring in this land journeyed to Laie for a three-days' visit, at which time a temple session, missionary testimonial meetings, and business meetings were held, and releases and appointments made.—*W. M. Waddoups, President.*

A beautiful photograph in group containing 76 missionaries of the Hawaiian mission accompanied this information. Thanks.

Many Nations Hear the Gospel: The West Maui district has had a very successful year in missionary work. The conference was divided the forepart of the year 1926, but, notwithstanding, there was no decrease in baptisms and other lines of missionary endeavor over the year previous. We have a new chapel erected in Wailuku, the largest town on this island. Many investigators come regularly to the meetings. The chapel is most beautiful in design and built somewhat like the Hawaiian temple. It has a large seating capacity and

the acoustic qualities are very good. Several hundred people were present at the dedication. Two choirs, one from Honolulu and one from Molokai, furnished special music, and the dedicatory prayer was offered by Prest. Wm. M. Waddoups. All of our meetings are attended by people of widely varied races and nations, and as many as twelve different nations have been represented. In some instances they all hear the gospel expounded in their native tongue. At one meeting last year there were four different languages presented from the pulpit; namely, Hawaiian, Samoan, Japanese and English.—*R. F. Taylor*, district president.

MISSIONARIES WEST MAUI DISTRICT

Top row, left to right: R. F. Taylor, district president, Salt Lake City; Harold Allred, former district president, now transferred to Honolulu district. Gannett, Idaho; W. E. Gronlund, Salt Lake City; Mary E. Rhees, president mission Primaries, North Ogden; Mission President Wm. M. Waddoups; Mrs. Wm. M. Waddoups, president mission Relief Societies; Ina E. Fechser, Moroni, Utah; George R. Hammond, president East Maui district, Mancos, Colorado; L. W. Goates, Lehi, Utah; George K. Moa, local missionary; LaVon M. Priest, president Molokai district, Brigham City; Reed G. Duke, Salt Lake City.

Conferences in England

The Birmingham district held its spring conference in the Handsworth chapel, Birmingham, England, on April 3, 1927. "Salvation for the Dead" was the topic for the conference, which was ably rendered by the Sunday school members, in song, prose and poetry. President James E. Talmage and Sister May Booth Talmage were visitors. In this district we find the spirit of progress, harmony and cooperation present. The slogan, "Better the Best," serves as a stimulus for greater activity. We have had an increase of 36.6% in the payment of tithes, and 12.25% in that of fast offerings. During the past six months, the traveling missionaries have distributed 48,557 tracts, 3,759 pamphlets, 87 copies of the Book of Mormon, and 129 other books, and have spent 3,178 hours tracting, and we have baptized eighteen candidates. No small factor in the progression which has been made in this district has been the aid and assistance received by each elder and local member from the *Improvement Era*. It is indeed an organ of assistance to each person who has the opportunity of reading it. We take great pleasure in expressing our appreciation for it.—*J. Forest Wood*, district president.

ELDERS OF BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT, ENGLAND

Standing, left to right: Harry I. Willmore, Logan, Utah; William G. Bennett, Cardston, Alberta Canada (visiting); John H. Parker, Lanark, Idaho; James B. Collyer, Salt Lake City; Alva L. Ritchie, Ogden, Utah; Merrill Landberg, St. George, Utah; Bulon F. Thompson, Richmond, Utah; Owen J. Carlisle, Salt Lake City; Harold E. Brown, Rigby, Idaho. Sitting: May Booth Talmage, president of mission Relief Societies and M. I. A. organizations; J. Forest Wood, Cardston, Alberta, Canada, outgoing district president; President James E. Talmage of the European missions; Heber J. Matkin, Cardston, Alberta, Canada, incoming district president; Lawrence Peterson, Provo, Utah, district clerk.

David M. Kennedy, president of the Blackburn district, reports the spring conference held in Blackburn, Lancashire, England, on the 27th of February, attended by a large number of investigators and friends. The district president's report showed that practically every phase of the Church

work was carried on in the eight branches with great interest. Cottage meetings have been held in various parts and have proved to be very successful, homes being opened for these meetings, in which much good has been accomplished. Country tracting is to be resumed shortly, and also street meetings. There is a bright outlook for a banner year. Eight persons were baptized since January 1. The Relief Society and Mutual Improvement meetings were held between conference meetings. "Efficient Service—Liverpool" was selected and adopted as a 1927 slogan for the district. A favorable account of the conference meetings appeared in the *Northern Daily Telegraph* and the *Blackburn Times*. President and Sister Talmage gave splendid instructions in all the organization meetings, as well as in the regular meetings of the conference.

The semi-annual conference of the Norwich district, of the British mission, held on March 27, 1927, with President and Sister James E. Talmage of the European mission in attendance. Three meetings during the day were held for general invitation to the public, and many strangers were present. The theme of the morning meeting was the establishing and functioning of the auxiliary organizations in which members of the Church take active part. "Religion Must Count," brought out in the discourse of President James E. Talmage, was the theme throughout the day. Strong testimonies were borne by the elders of the conference. Many investigators were present and were favorably impressed with the message. Four baptisms have been performed already this year, as compared with nine for the year 1926. Many other activities of the Church have increased during the past three months. The newspapers have almost abstained from publishing irritable falsehoods about the "Mormons." This comes about through the excellent supervision of President James E. Talmage. We are gaining much headway in the British Isles.—Clemuel J. Neville, president Norwich district.

Australian Mission Begins its Conferences

President Chas. H. Hyde held the first conference on Sunday, January 30, in Enmore, New South Wales. Our prayers were answered in regard to the attendance. We had the largest attendance we have ever had, there being a total of 335 people present. President Hyde admonished the people to greater diligence and bore a strong testimony to the divinity of the Latter-day Work. A genuine spiritual feast was enjoyed throughout the day. The Australian mission slogan is, "One thousand Book of Mormon sales for 1927," which is nearly double the sales of last year, our banner year. With the help of our heavenly Father, we will attain the goal. The *Improvement Era* is the means of much missionary work in the homes where our tracts are not at first wanted. It comes to us as a great letter from our firesides, we being so far from the headquarters of the Church.—*Wendell L. Cottrell*, mission secretary.

The elders of Adelaide were recently privileged to make a motor trip of one hundred twenty-two miles to deliver tracts in some of the country districts. We desire to thank Brother Ernest F. Slade, and do thank him, for furnishing the means of transportation and acting as chauffeur. Brother Slade, Elders Calvin R. Woolley and Heber Ross Garner, are now making another trip of five hundred miles, in order that the people of Port Augusta may have the opportunity of hearing the gospel message that we have to bear. We find the *Era* a wonderful publication for accomplishing successful missionary work.—*J. Roscoe Creer*, district president, Adelaide, South Australia.

The Queensland district of the Australian mission held their annual

conference meetings at Brisbane, on March 13, at which many Saints and friends were in attendance. Mission President and Sister Charles H. Hyde gave valuable instructions to both elders and Saints. A majority of the Saints who have emigrated from Australia to Zion in the years past have gone from the Queensland district, and we feel sure they will be pleased to know the work is progressing here. We appreciate the value of the *Improvement Era*, and we are now conducting a campaign in an endeavor to get it into the homes of all the Saints.—*Lewis D. Robbins, president* Queensland district, Australian mission.

ELDERS OF THE QUEENSLAND DISTRICT, AUSTRALIA

Sitting, left to right: Edward T. Hall, Salt Lake City; Chas. H. Hyde, Salt Lake City, president Australian mission; Caroline S. Hyde, president mission Relief Societies; Lewis D. Robbins, Moreland, Idaho, president Queensland district. Standing: Clarence L. Palmer, West Jordan, Utah; Leo A. Searle, American Fork, Utah; Earl Schwendiman, Newdale, Idaho.

New Cities in Swiss-German Mission Hear Gospel

During the last year in the Munich district of the Swiss-German mission, the gospel has been preached in three new cities, Augsburg, Regensburg and Bayreuth. The opposition encountered at first has gradually given away to interest, and the work in now advancing steadily. A special meeting was held in Augsburg, on March 10, at which President Hugh J. Cannon was the principal speaker; and on March 11, a baptismal service was held in

that city. A very inspiring conference was held in Munich on March 13, which was well attended by both members and friends.—*M. E. Anderson*, president Munich district.

ELDERS OF MUNICH DISTRICT

Front row, left to right: Roland G. Warr, Salt Lake City; Hamlet C. Pulley, Logan, president Hamburg district; Melvin E. Anderson, Logan, president Munich district; Hugh J. Cannon, mission president; George H. Mortimer, Provo, president Stuttgart district; Hyrum Reichmann, Salt Lake City; Stuart A. Gallacher, Salt Lake City. Second row: Leo. D. Bills, Riverton, Utah; Horst Scharffs, Altona, Germany; Reed G. Probst, Midway; LeRoy Nichols, Mesa, Arizona; Clarence A. Gowers, Nephi; Wm. James Jordan, San Francisco. Third row: Walter Wiersbolowsky, Hannover, Germany; Ervine F. Smith, Pleasant Grove; Leonard Chatwin, Santaquin; David C. Spencer, Salt Lake City; Joseph B. Binggeli, Weston, Idaho.

In the German-Austrian Mission

New District in Saxony—Zwickau: As a result of the rapid growth of the Church in Saxony, and particularly in the Chemnitz district, a new district was established in the German-Austrian mission at the beginning of this year. This comprises four branches, Zwickau, Plauen, Werdau and Planitz, taken from the Chemnitz district, and will be known as the Zwickau district. Aside from the organized branches, missionaries were stationed in Reichenbach in Vogtland, and in Greiz in Vogtland, to open new fields and start new branches. In both of these town our meetings are attended by forty to fifty friends. The first general conference of the new district was held on March 19 and 20. The principal meeting was held in Swans Castle, with an attendance of 450 Saints and friends. President

Valentine and the missionaries delivered forceful discourses. The united choirs of Plauen and Zwickau furnished the singing, besides which several special musical number were rendered—solos, trios, violin, cello and piano. The conference was enjoyed by 1,464 visiting Saints and friends. We take pleasure in using the *Era*, as an organ of the Church, to convey information, encouragement and joy to all who are interested in this work; and we experience great satisfaction in reading the reports from other missions.—*Rud. F. Erickson*, president Zwickau district, German-Austrian mission.

Leipzig district: A very successful conference was held by the German-Austrian mission, under the supervision of President Hyrum W. Valentine, in Leipzig, Saxony, on February 26 and 27. Inspiring testimonies of the missionaries, and two pageants, "The Four Books" and "The Power of Prayer," presented by the Leipzig branch choir, were features of the conference. The total attendance at the three meetings was 1323. A missionary meeting was held Monday morning, in which President Valentine gave valuable instructions. President Valentine and company then held a series of evening meetings throughout the district, as follows: Gera Reuss, Monday, membership 102, attendance 160; Weimer, Tuesday, membership 26, attendance 83; Erfurt, Wednesday; Dessau in Anhalt, Thursday, membership 15, attendance 48. Friday they met Sister Valentine in Magdeburg, where four missionaries are meeting with remarkable success in opening a new branch. In this branch of only five members, they have a regular attendance of from 130 to 160. At the meeting that evening, at which President and Sister Valentine delivered impressive discourses, 166 were present. It was a satisfactory close to a wonderful week. The missionaries of the Leipzig district are happy to be regular recipients of the *Improvement Era*, a Church publication which really stands for and helps in the improvement of mankind.—*Boyd S. Parrish*, president Leipzig district.

Breslau District Forging Ahead: A very successful conference was held in the Breslau district, German-Austrian mission, on March 12 and 13, 1927, which was attended by President and Sister Hyrum W. Valentine, and Elder Elmer Christensen, superintendent of mission Mutuals and Sunday schools. The meetings were held in the Breslauer Concert House. The program consisted of a four-act play, "The Word of Wisdom," selections by a professional orchestra, violin selections by Frau Matska Schroter, and the spirited singing of the Breslauer choir, of eighty-five voices. At least five hundred investigators were present at the meetings, the total attendance reaching 2,400. A feature of the conference was the introduction of the first Bee-Hive Girls in Europe to have completed the requirements of Bee-Hive work. A group of twenty were presented with pins by President and Sister Valentine. We also have an enrollment of 395 Mutual members in this district, with all the regular departments of work represented in our associations. A few months ago, our Recreation Committees presented the play, "Der Glocken Guss zu Breslau," which was attended by more than 750 persons, and which received favorable comment in the local press. A great change has taken place in the attitude of the people toward us in the last few years; we find many friends who are hungry for the truth, and who are ready to support and help us in our efforts. Some of our cottage meetings are attended by as many as seventy persons. We enjoy and appreciate the *Improvement Era*, and wish to congratulate the editors upon this splendid publication.—*W. B. Christensen*, district president.

Spring conference was held in Dresden, Germany, headquarters of the German-Austrian mission, on Sunday, February 13, with an attendance of more than 1,200. An interesting pageant, entitled "The Temple of Love," was presented in the Sunday school meeting. Many friends and investigators were present at the afternoon and evening meetings. President Valentine gave an effective discourse on faith and bore a convincing testimony

of the divinity of Jesus Christ. The Dresden district is one of the most fruitful fields in the mission at the present time. During the year 1926, the elders performed 114 baptisms, making an average of eight per man; and forty of the converts were found while tracting. Almost every elder working in this conference had the privilege either of baptizing someone to whom he brought the first news of the gospel, or of seeing that person baptized. The suggestions of President Talmage have been carried out; country work is one of the features here. There are six organized branches in the conference, and we plan to open up ten more this Summer; regular meetings are now held in nineteen cities and towns each week. Many of our friends and some of our members belong to the "Royal" class. President Talmage has predicted that 1927 will be one on the most fruitful years of the mission.—*S. C. Campbell*, president Dresden district, German-Austrian mission.

MISSIONARIES OF THE DRESDEN DISTRICT, GERMANY

Bottom row, left to right: Boyd S. Parrish, president Leipzig district; Basil Valentine, D. J. Valentine, daughter and son of President and Sister Valentine; Wilmer C. Porter, president Stettin district; Edw. W. Jenkins, president Berlin district. Sitting: W. E. Stosich, released president Konigsberg district; M. Elmer Christenson, general superintendent mission Mutuals and Sunday Schools; Rose E. B. Valentine, president mission Relief Societies; Hyrum W. Valentine, president German-Austrian mission; M. Douglas Wood, secretary German-Austrian mission; M. E. Radichel, mission treasurer and bookkeeper; Stewart C. Campbell, president Dresden district; Clyde Bramwell, president Chemnitz district. Third row: Leslie H. Ludwig, Cottbus; Wm. Erekson, Gorlitz; Phillip Tadje, Berlin district; M. Blaine Peterson, Freiberg; Julian Cannon, presiden Freiberg branch; Reed Galli, Dresden; Smith Pon, Meissen; Kurt Stoll, Bautzen; Ralph Engel, Dresden; Stanley Irvine, Stettin district. Last row: Louis M. Ballard president Cottbus branch; Russell Cranney, president Meissen branch; D. Wm. Cook, president Bautzen branch; John F. Whitemore, Dresden; Maurice Nuttall, Zwickau district; Wm. Koller, president Gorlitz branch; Dean B. Hillam, Dresden; Merlin G. Watts, Dresden; Milton Walker, president Dresden branch; Glen I. Crandall, district secretary.

PRIVILEGES CONCERNING TEMPLE AND OTHER ORDINANCES

By Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of the Twelve

The following question has been received by the *Improvement Era*:

"Did the Saints in the time of Christ enjoy a fulness of the gospel, and all the rights and privileges that we enjoy as Latter-day Saints, as far as temple and other ordinances are concerned?"

The fulness of the gospel, as that expression is generally used, was revealed in the Dispensation of the Meridian of Time, and the Saints in that day had the privilege of receiving all the ordinances essential to their exaltation. By "fulness of the gospel" is meant all the ordinances and principles that pertain to the exaltation in the celestial kingdom. After the resurrection of the Lord, the Saints of that time also had the privilege of performing ordinance work for their dead.

We are informed by the Prophet Joseph Smith that when Elijah and Moses appeared at the transfiguration, they conferred on the Apostles Peter, James, and John, the keys of their respective callings. Moses, evidently, conferred the keys of the gathering of Israel for that dispensation; and Elijah, the keys of the sealing ordinances, just as these ancient prophets did in the case of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery.

It is erroneously thought, by many, that Elijah held keys of salvation for the dead and that, therefore, he performed ordinances for the dead during the time of his ministry. There is abundant evidence in the Scriptures to show that there was no work performed for the dead, who died without the privilege of complying with the principles of the gospel, until after Christ opened the door, after his crucifixion; but that all ordinances, including the binding or sealing performed by Elijah, was confined to the living. After the resurrection of Christ the doors were opened to the dead, and the vicarious work for the dead was instituted and the authority of the Priesthood held by Elijah was then extended to include blessings for the dead who would have received the gospel if the privilege had been granted to them on this earth.

Speaking of Elijah's mission, the Prophet Joseph Smith has said:

> "The power and calling of Elijah is that you have power to hold the key of the revelations, ordinances, oracles, powers and endowments of the fulness of the Melchizedek Priesthood and of the Kingdom of God on the earth; and to receive and obtain, and perform all the ordinances belonging to the Kingdom of God."

It must have been this authority that was conferred upon Peter,

James and John, as well as upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. We, therefore, conclude that the Saints in that dispensation had the privilege of receiving all the keys and authorities that are necessary for the salvation and exaltation of man. However, these powers were exercised only for the living, until after the resurrection of Christ, when they were exercised also in behalf of the dead.

That the Saints in the Primitive Church did some work for the dead is evident from the writings of Paul, and the Prophet Joseph Smith has said that the Saints of that dispensation had greater power and privileges than were granted to those who lived in earlier times because of the authority to perform ordinances vicariously for the dead. It is reasonable to believe, however, that the exercise of this authority was limited of necessity in those days. The Dispensation of the Meridian of Time was not a dispensation of temple building. The Lord has declared that these higher sealing powers are to be received and conferred in temples built to his name, and only in the days of the poverty of the people can they be bestowed elsewhere. The Saints in that day built no temple, and it is most doubtful that they ever performed ordinances in the temple in Jerusalem, which was destroyed about the year 70 A. D.

That certain knowledge and authority were denied to the Church in the Meridian of Time, and reserved for the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times, must be conceded. When the apostles inquired of the Savior, just before his ascension, if he would at that time restore to Israel the kingdom, the Lord answered them:

"It is not for you to know the time or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power."

While they may have had in mind merely the restoration of the political kingdom, the answer the Lord gave them goes much further than that, and we are led to believe that he had reference to other matters as well which were reserved for the last days, and with which the Church at that time had nothing to do.

It is also evident that the apostles had revealed to them much knowledge on this point, for later in their writings they intimate that powers and authorities were withheld until the later times. Paul said to the Ephesian Saints:

"Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath proposed in himself;

"That in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; even in him."

And again, writing to the Roman Saints, he said:

"For I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery, lest ye should be wise in your own conceits, that blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in."

In harmony with these expressions we have the word of the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith:

"For I deign to reveal unto my Church things which have been kept hid from before the foundation of the world, *things that pertain to the dispensation of the fulness of times.*"—Doc. and Cov., 124:41.

Again the Prophet informs us that it is the purpose of the Lord in this dispensation to reveal the keys and powers of all other dispensations, and make "a whole and complete and perfect union and welding together of dispensations, and keys and powers, and glories * * * from the days of Adam even to the present time. And not only this, but those things which *never have been revealed* from the foundation of the world, but have been kept hid from the wise and prudent, shall be revealed unto babes and sucklings in this the dispensation of the fulness of times."—Doc. and Cov. 128:18.

This dispensation in which we live has aptly been compared to a great river into which all other streams flow and lend their influence and power.

We may conclude, then, that while the Saints in former dispensations were granted every privilege and power by which they, through their faithfulness, could obtain exaltation even to the fulness, the fact remains that the Lord has reserved many privileges, authorities, powers, and much knowledge for the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times, into which all things are to be eventually gathered and made perfect in the consummation of the purposes of the Lord towards the earth and its inhabitants.

Vacant Vacations

Vacations do not grow in fashionable mountain resorts nor on board walks at the sea-side. Vacations that are not vacant, vacations that are worth while, are found where Nature provides the program for each day: where darkness brings Elysian, delicious repose to physical fatigue; where God speaks in the songs of birds; in the gurgle of the waterfall; in the nodding wild flowers; in the whispering wind among the branches; in the unruffled pool reflecting a bit of heaven on its bosom.

The big outdoors offers many an ideal vacation spot. It may be in some tiny valley where the faint click-clack of the reaper serves to emphasize the July-August hush; it may be under spreading oaks or moss-draped pines beside an emerald lake where a passing trail leads to the granite-flecked top above; it may be on a jutting point of mountain-side overlooking a checker-board of green fields and laden orchards; it may be a land-locked cove where a sail boat swings at anchor, ready to tack out into the always fascinating white caps; it may be a secluded nook in a fence corner sheltered by a sumac, near an ancient road full of dust-padded ruts which deaden the rattle of the asthenic truck of the farmer whose peaceful haven nestles among the wrinkled hills—beloved folds on Nature's breast, cleansed by the snows of Winter; bathed by the rains of Spring and kissed into green beauty by the suns of Summer.

Wherever it is, the vacation spent close to Mother Earth, replete with sunshine, showers, birds, bees, and the thousand sweet essences that blend together in one great harmonious whole, is the only vacation that is not vacant.

San Diego, California. DOROTHY C. RETSLOFF.

REFLECTIONS THAT SHALL MAKE ME HAPPY*

By W. H. Boyle, Assistant Professor of Education

When the curtain of my life is rung down, I shall be happy if I have been more interested in men than money, and if I have had more joy in accumulating friends than material treasures. I shall be glad *then* that I have had joy in simple, unaffected sociability, that I have been glad to be courteous to friends and considerate of neighbors and, by so doing, their souls have been warmed and their hearts made glad. I shall be glad if I have been more interested in the care of others than in a career for myself. I shall be glad if I have not been so engrossed in my own selfish little projects that I could not see and understand the heroic efforts of those about me. That I have had joy in their success and compassion and sympathy in their seeming failures.

I shall be glad if I have been generous with my time and money; if I have gained other talents, and kept peace with the inner monitor of my soul.

I shall be glad then if I have been loyal to leaders, true to friends, courageous in difficulties, and that I tried faithfully to carry uncomplainingly my portion, that I shirked not my obligations, and that without malice or criticism or envy I climbed with others like me the hills of life's responsibility.

I shall be glad if I have discharged my duties as a true American citizen and stood for principle against both friends and foes, in spite of temporary failure. I shall be glad if I have not chilled a truly religious zeal in anyone, or damaged or destroyed the faith of any living soul. I shall be happy if I have scorned meanness, loathed false pretense, despised dishonesty, hated hypocrisy, and abhorred self-seeking expediency. I shall be happy if my gains have come through pains and not through craft or fraud. I shall be happy if I have not deserted the man and the woman who gave me birth, and that through dishonesty or cowardice I have not disgraced their name, and that instead of suffering I have brought respect, reverence, and honor to their memory, and transmitted these high qualities to those who came to me.

I shall be glad if I have been true to the maiden who came to me in my young manhood, and that I have known the meaning of sweetheart, wife and kiddies, and shall be glad if I have been good company for my own children.

I shall be happy, if, when my path grew steep and my burdens heavy, and my strength failed, I did not complain, but with a smile

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*Four-minute address given to the students assembled at Brigham Young University.

took a new start with renewed faith in a happy, successful journey's end, not afraid or ashamed to meet those who have gone before and by them receive a joyous welcome home.

Then can I say with the poet laureate of Georgia, in his last poem which was given to the public as he was laid to rest:

GOING HOME

By Frank L. Stanton

Adieu, sweet friends—I have waited long
To hear the message that calls me home,
And now it comes like a low, sweet song
Of welcome over the river's foam.
And my heart shall ache and my feet shall roam
No more—no more; I am going home—

Home, where no storm, where no tempest raves,
In the light of the calm, eternal day;
Where no willows weep over lonely graves
And the tears from eyelids are kissed away,
And my soul shall sigh and my feet shall roam
No more—no more; I am going home.

As Unto Him

He who would not his duties shirk,
Must learn to plan, as well as work—
An addage old, and very true.
Now let me say some things to you:
The work is here, it must be done;
And all of you must help us some.
For if your part you fail to do,
Whom shall we ask, instead of you?
So lend a hand, and push with us,
Nor ever grumble; do not fus.
The Church is struggling hard to find
The honest heart; the willing kind,
Who will each deed perform in love,
As unto him who dwells above.
No other plan will fill the need,
Nor stand out as a living deed.
Shirk not from tasks, though hard they seem,
Nor waste thy day in idle dream,
But pray, and ever trust thy Friend,
He will be with you to the end.
And say, It's good for us to work,
But bitter, if we dare to shirk;
For then the adversary's near,
He as an angel may appear.
But fear not—fresh courage take,
In Jesus' name—and for his sake

Rexburg, Idaho. MARY M. STOWERS.

Editors' Table

Responsibility

The early elders of the Church were commanded, as one of their first duties, to open their mouths at all times to declare the gospel of Jesus Christ to a crooked and perverse generation, with the sound of rejoicing and as with the voice of a trump. The elders were to learn of Christ and do their best to save souls and to be meek and lowly in heart.

It can truthfully be said that from the time of the first call of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and later the call to others by revelation in 1830, up to the present day, this command of the Lord to his servants has been faithfully fulfilled. They have been given power to lay the foundations of this Church and to bring it, the only true and living Church of God upon the face of the whole earth, out of obscurity and darkness.

That the injunction is still faithfully complied with is apparent from the statements made in the late annual conference that, since 1830, up to the present time, forty thousand missionaries or more have gone out in fulfilment of this behest. It has cost the Church members, to comply with this commandment to preach the gospel, more than one hundred twenty-five million dollars. In this respect, we appear to have done our duty and shall without doubt continue to do so.

Another important duty enjoined upon the people is to watch over and to protect and train the gathered converts and their children in the ways of the Lord. Can the Saints show as much personal sacrifice, fulfilment of duty, and interest, in this commandment as in the one to preach the gospel to all the world? We believe many can, as witness the persistent work of our quorums and auxiliary organizations, but some are delinquent.

The Lord has ordered that it should be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion and in her organized stakes, that the Saints should teach their children, in the home, faith in God and in his son Jesus Christ, and the doctrine of repentance and baptism and the laying on of hands that they might receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. They are also to teach their children to pray, to walk uprightly before the Lord, to keep holy the Sabbath day, to pay a tenth of their increase to build up the Church, to observe the laws of health, and to remember their labors in all faithfulness. If not so, the sin will be upon the heads of the parents.

One of the speakers at the late annual conference, Elder Stephen L. Richards, called attention to the need of interpreting the gospel,

its wonderful vitality and import, in the language of youth, owing to the marvelous changes that have come in the past few years in the physical world, in education, and in the ways of thought. The gospel is the most valuable thing that can come to them. It will touch their hearts if it can but be unfolded to their minds aright. Living the gospel by those who teach it is the great need of the hour. Parents, and men holding the Priesthood, must show the meaning of the gospel to their children and to the negligent and wayward by living it.

Elder Richards called attention to the fact that our obligations to teach and unfold the gospel to the people, who in some measure at least have departed from the faith, is of equal importance to its proclamation abroad to the nations of the earth. He made a very strong appeal to those who preside over the stakes, the missions, and the wards of the Church, and who administer in its various organizations, to do all that lies in their power to reach this multitude of good people who are worth reclaiming, and in whose blood courses the tendency to faith which comes from good ancestry. There is no doubt that the gospel message would touch them if it could but be interpreted in the language of youth and in terms which they could understand.

It need only be added that one of the important ways of interpreting the gospel to the children, and to wayward, indifferent people, or to youth who have been educated in our schools in modern infidel thought, is by example. The effective way is by strictly living up to the requirements that are made, in the commandments of the Lord, of parents and those who hold the Priesthood, because they are largely responsible for the conduct of the indifferent youths who are scattered throughout the stakes of Zion in the wards of the Church, and who do not think and feel quite as the faithful think and feel. It is difficult, if not impossible, to give effective interpretation of the gospel that will appeal to this class, except as it shall come to them through the practical works of people who are living their religion. Herein lies our awful responsibility.—*A.*

Books

Through the Heart of the Scenic West, by J. Cecil Alter, Sheppard Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, 221 pages, sixty-five illustrations, thirty-three full-page plates.

In this very attractive travel narrative, containing a short story of the older parks and an interesting and informative review of each of the newer resorts in Southern Utah, the author of *James Bridger, A Historical Narrative*, has given a splendid guide to the traveler. It is not written by one who has not seen and experienced, but by an author who writes with authority and with inspiring enthusiasm from personal knowledge. To his own information the author has added traditional and historical matter, giving a new and marvelous conception of the wonders of Utah lying north and northwest of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Tourists making the rounds of this wonderful scenery will find in this book just what is needed to make the scenery more interesting than even its wonderful self.

Latter-day Saint Hymns.—A new book for choirs and adult congregations is just issued. It contains 419 songs with music, among them many of the old favorites, and numerous new poems with music added. Price $1 postpaid, Deseret Book Company.

Der Weg-Weiser, No. 2, the wonderful quarterly published by the Swiss-German and the German-Austrian missions, is received. It contains the outlines of the studies presented to the Priesthood, the Sunday school, Mutual Improvement associations and other organizations in those missions. Besides the programs, it contains several literary productions of great value to missionaries and to readers in general. It includes 163 pages of matter. It is a credit to the missions and should be a great help to those who are studying in the various organizations in those countries.

Changes in Mission Presidents

It was announced during the Ninety-seventh Annual Conference of the Church, by President Heber J. Grant, that Elder H. H. Rolapp had been appointed as president of the Eastern States mission, Elder B. H. Roberts, who has labored there for about five years, being honorably released. William R. Sloan had been appointed president of the Northwestern States mission, vice B. S. Young, honorably released. Chas. H. Hart had been appointed president of the Canadian mission, vice John Quinney, Jr., honorably released.

Save the Trees

Come out in the royal esplanade,
Away from the halls of ease,
And join in the Infinite Crusade,
Come out and save the trees!

Look up from your vague philosophies—
The cults you immortalize,
And, amid God's dynasty of trees,
Come out and evangelize,

Where the timbered billows, verse on verse,
Unfold like a cantoed thing,
And in ritual of the Universe,
The Stars of the Morning sing!

Where the forests holy with parables
Transcend all priestly sect,
And the ozone brewed into syllables
Entones His scriptural text;

Away from the cant of church and state,
And the tenet of lordly rule—
Come out and join God's consulate,
And stand in his vestibule.

Look up from your codex cynical,
From your party policies,
And join your hand to the miracle—
Come out and save the trees.

Come out on the stark, denuded rim,
And pledge to the centuries:
Lift up your voice in the battle-hymn,
Come out and save the trees!

Mesa, Arizona. BERTHA A. KLEINMAN.

Priesthood Quorums

Effective, Whole-hearted Supervision of the Aaronic Priesthood

By Former Bishop Julius A. Rockwood, Now Chairman of Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors, Yale Ward, Liberty Stake

I am convinced that there is no more important work now before us than that of directing and supervising the energies of the men of tomorrow. The boy who is to assume the responsibilities and do the work of carrying on the great message of this Church should be prepared.

President Edward J. Wood struck the keynote of success in this work when he said that his bishops and his supervisors are converted. When you use the term "whole-hearted supervision" it means that you are going to have someone occupying the position of supervisor who can put his heart and soul into the work. That is the greatest requisite to be considered. It is more essential that a man should feel that he would like to do something for the advancement of these boys than that he should be brilliant. He should be one who can get down to the level of the boys and talk to them in the kind of language they understand, so that the boys will not chafe. Boys in the adolescent age do not like to be preached to, censured nor condemned because of their weaknesses, but rather to be loved and counseled and spoken to like one boy would talk to another.

The supervisor should be a man who knows how to plan his work and carry it through in a systematic manner. The supervisors of the Lesser Priesthood should get together regularly in council and plan their work. In our ward, we have three men as a supervising committee. We meet every Wednesday evening. We plan our work, keep an exact and comprehensive report of the work. We are going to do this work in the way it ought to and can be done. The man who has it in hand should not be burdened with a lot of other responsibilities that divide his interest. He should be a whole-hearted "boy's man," who can see the possibilities of making fine missionaries for the field, future presidents of stakes, and bishops of wards and other leaders out of the material at hand. The bishopric should have heart-to-heart talks with the man or men whom they are going to select as supervisors, and know that they are fully converted to the work they are to undertake, and that they are whole-hearted in their efforts so that they can do it with credit and honor resulting in everlasting joy to them.

What do you mean by a man being whole-hearted in his work? Have you ever seen anyone going at a task whole-heartedly? What has inspired him to his effort? The artist has an ideal in his mind as to what he is going to do before he commences his work, and he sets to work with all his heart to do that thing. He is what a Lesser Priesthood man should be: one who will think and reflect, "What am I going to do in this position? Am I going to build up these boys and make them a credit to the Church to which they belong?"

As a Lesser Priesthood supervisor, have you an ideal of what you are going to accomplish in your calling? Have you resolved that no young man shall go into the field and say that that is the first time he has addressed a congregation, or spoken in a sacrament meeting?

You say it is hard to get these boys to talk. Get in with them, and let them know you are their friend. It will not then be hard to get them to talk.

There is no greater field for a man's accomplishment of good than among our boys of the Lesser Priesthood. Plan for them. The bishop of the ward has said, "We expect you to carry on the administering of the sacrament in our ward from beginning to end," and the boys have taken care of it.

There must be system in supervision. Submit your methods to the boys in a business-like manner. Understand what you are going to do, record it in the minutes of your meeting and then carry it through. It is suggested here in the outline that the supervisor should be a "self-starter." "He is a slothful servant who has to be commanded in all things." The bishopric of my ward has named activities that we may plan for our boys, and we know that we shall never be hampered or held back. "Go ahead and plan what you want for the boys and no one will interfere with you."

It appears to me as being necessary that the Lesser Priesthood quorums should have an identity in the ward, that should be recognized and honored. It can be done. When a member of the Priests' quorum goes into the mission field, let the quorum members give him some small, but useful gift. Let it be presented to the missionary at his farewell party by a Priest representing the quorum.

Many people have said, "My boy is 12 years old. Are you going to ordain him a Deacon?" "I think so, if he is twelve years old. We will ordain him a Deacon." Is that the only qualification? Is that the attitude of a father or a mother or of a bishop? He is not ordained on that qualification in our ward. We have a preparatory class. No boy is ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood until he puts on record his willingness to be ordained to this calling and to fulfil his duties. After a boy absents himself three times from his quorum, the secretary of the quorum to which the boy belongs notifies the supervisor and the boy is visited.

In our ward every family in which there was a Lesser Priesthood member was visited during the month of January, and the young man solicited to come and take part in his quorum.

FIELD NOTES

Ward Teaching Treasureton Ward, Oneida Stake

Bishop Charles M. Shumway is having grand success with the ward teachers completing their work on scheduled time each month. This ward has eight teachers' districts and sixteen acting ward teachers; 66% of the acting ward teachers belong to the Lesser Priesthood quorums; 100% of the ward teachers were present at teachers' report meeting held on the third Sunday of March. Each pair of teachers reported a complete visit in their district, or 100%. All members of the bishopric and the ward clerk were present at the meeting. At the close of the meeting the ward clerk handed the 100% report to the visiting member of the high council.

During the past two years the ward teachers, in this ward, have completed their visits each month previous to the teachers' report meeting. Activity of this kind is worthy of special attention.

Social Activities

It is suggested that during the month of June in every ward throughout the Church, plans be outlined and preparations made to have at least one outing of each of the Aaronic Priesthood quorums, or all of the quorums in the ward together, if preferred, and that the details be worked out by the quorum officers and members themselves with the advice and assistance of the bishopric and the supervisors. The nature and program of such outings should, of course, conform, in orderliness, mutual consideration and real enjoyment, to the fraternal spirit of these organizations.

Mutual Work

M. I. A. June Conference

The Thirty-second Session of the Annual June Conference of the Mutual Improvement Associations will be held in Salt Lake City on June 10 to 12, inclusive.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10

The first joint meeting will be held at the Assembly Hall at 10 o'clock a. m.

General theme for the conference: "Latter-day Saint Youth and Their Opportunities." In the opening addresses of the General Superintendent and President, the new slogan will be introduced. Talks will be made by L. John Nuttall, Jr., Don B. Colton and Dr. Adam S. Bennion on "Spiritualizing Life's Work" in the Vocations, in Political, Civic and Social Relations, and Through Religion.

The joint general meeting will continue in the afternoon, 2 to 4 o'clock, and the subject will be, "Spiritualizing Leisure Life." Elder Melvin J. Ballard is on the program for "The problems that challenge leisure time and our great objectives." Executive Director Oscar A. Kirkham will speak on "Leadership," and Mrs. Lucy W. Smith, "Projects for the individual and for the group."

The annual excursion of the M. I. A., with Primary officers and delegates as participating guests, will begin at 4:30 and end at 11 p. m., to be conducted under the leadership of the M. I. A. Committee on Recreation and will include a general luncheon at 7 p. m. Contests and demonstrations in dancing begin at 5 p. m.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11

At the general Y. M. M. I. A. meeting, in the Tabernacle, from 9 to 10:30, B. S. Hinckley will speak on "The Temples of God;" John F. Bowman, on "Chivalry;" Richard R. Lyman, "A Man Among Men;" President Anthony W. Ivins, "Man's Relationship to God."

At the Assembly Hall a department meeting will be held from 10:30 to 12, including the secretaries and executive officers of the organization.

Meetings of the joint and the separate departments will be held at the same hour, at places to be made known in the program.

The Y. M. M. I. A. will give a superintendents' luncheon at Hotel Utah at 12 sharp for the stake superintendents, or accredited representatives in case any stake superintendents are absent.

At 1:30 to 3 in the Tabernacle there will be an important M Men's convention. At 3 o'clock sharp there will be the various division tryouts, including M Men public speaking, quartet, drama, band and orchestra, Gleaner Girls' public speaking, and ladies' chorus. Places given in the program.

At 7:30 p. m. a grand concert and finals will be held in the Tabernacle. Here the contestants will be heard in the different final contests. The Committee on Contest Work will be in charge. Awards will be made by the General Superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A. and the Presidency of the Y. L. M. I. A. to the winners. An ensemble of musical numbers will be given.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12

At 8:30 to 10:15, the M. I. A. officers will have a joint testimony meeting for officers only; and at 10:30 to 12, a general meeting will be held in the Tabernacle, the theme being, "The M. I. A. and Primary Associations' contribution in building Latter-day Saints," presented in story, song and action.

At 2 o'clock, a general meeting will be held in the Tabernacle under the direction of the First Presidency of the Church, music being furnished by the Tabernacle Choir, A. C. Lund, director.

At 7. p. m. the new slogan will be repeated, a dramatic presentation of three Book of Mormon scenes, and an address on the strength and uniqueness of "Latter-day Saint Ideals and Institutions" will be given by Elder Orson F. Whitney.

Changes in Stake Superintendents

George A. B. McIntyre, Box 94, Centerville, Utah, was appointed superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the South Davis stake, vice R. Alvin Moss, at the stake conference on May 8, 1927.

J. N. Showcroft, La Jara, Colorado, was appointed superintendent, San Luis stake, May 1, 1927, vice W. Fred Haynie, Manassa, Colorado.

Historical Panorama

The Pocatello, Idaho, Sixth ward M Men entertained the Gleaner Girls for a half hour on March 1, with great success. The method was simple, unique and full of fun, and the boys entered into the stunts with wonderful zest. They called it an Historical Panorama, and the parody included these characters and events: "Queen Helen of Troy," "Demosthenes' First Speech," "Roman Chariot Race," "First Serving of Great American Desert," "Boston Tea Party," "First Flight of Man," "Pony Express," "First Continental Train."

California Mutuals Flourishing

The Y. M. M. I. A. officers of the California mission recently made a visit to their various branches. They report that the organizations are taking more interest in the reading course than ever before. The Arizona organizations are working hard to win one of the prizes in the Book of Mormon reading contest. The M. I. A. Fund has also come in this year better than in the past years. By means of a monthly questionnaire sent to each organization in the mission, and returned to the mission office with the Efficiency Report, we are always in touch with the details of our work. In addition to the regular Mutual work, we are stressing free recreational activities of a self-supporting nature. An hour's time is devoted to demonstrations, with as many as possible participating, in folk dances, games and community singing. Everyone seems to enjoy this type of recreation, and it costs nothing.—*Geo. H. Marchant*, Supt., Riverside, Calif.

Best in the Mission

Walter Yull, M. I. A. president, Hull branch, Foresters Hall, Charlotte Street, Hull, England, reports that they have an interesting M. I. A. organization in that district. He says: "We took our aim last year to make this M. I. A. the best in the mission. Much good has been done. During

the year we organized a swarm of Bee-Hive Girls, increased our enrollment by 100%, and our open night by over 400%. We were also able to win the M. I. A. Challenge Banner of the district, having a clear points lead in the competition each month. This year our aim is another 100% increase in membership. We have had an increased attendance at each meeting, compared with the previous year. Much valuable help is given us by Sister May Booth Talmage, in the issue of a monthly bulletin from the mission headquarters, and by the issue of the first *Hand Book* in the mission. We also greatly appreciate the *Improvement Era*, and the help that it gives us. For our monthly joint meetings, we find invaluable aid in the program contained in it, and which we present to our congregations from time to time."

What to do in June

A big rally should be held in the ward, reporting the special thoughts and events of the June conference to members and officers who are not privileged to attend that great gathering. At this rally the year-round program in recreation and contests should be announced. The summer athletic program and weekly half holiday should be arranged for and checked. Fathers and Sons' outing date should be arranged for; also Mothers and Daughters' day. Flag day occurs this month and special exercises may be held at this rally or at another meeting for the purpose.

The reading course for next year and the new slogan should be introduced. Programs for weekly half holidays should be suggested and the necessary organization of stake leagues in volley ball, horseshoe, tennis, playground ball, baseball, etc., be arranged.

A Chance for an *Era* Subscription Free

In connection with the winning essay on the "Waters of Mormon," (May *Era*, p. 654), these questions have been asked:

1. Did the elder Alma ever preach to the Lamanites?

2. Were he and his followers ever driven from among the descendants of Nephi?

3. Did he and his followers ever dwell among the Lamanites of Zarahemla and there build up the Church of God?

4. Did the Nephites capture the city of Zarahemla from the Lamanites in the days of Alma the elder?

We solicit answers to the foregoing questions, accompanied by references to the Book of Mormon, or Reynold's *Dictionary of the Book of Mormon*, as authority.

The author of the first correct answer to these questions, with references, received after the 8th of June, will be given one year's subscription to the *Improvement Era*.

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, April, 1927

STAKE	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Bear River	480	12	10	86	141	84	.....	94	405	57	91	48	.....	60	256
Beaver	314	6	2	13	40	41	31	28	153	8	29	29	25	23	114
Box Elder	771	14	14	146	121	100	17	127	511	100	121	100	17	127	465
Deseret	493	12	11	110	200	127	33	186	656	74	98	90	16	103	381
Ensign	934	8	8	76	163	232	107	271	849	71	74	104	77	199	525
Kanab	212	6	6	48	62	39	43	52	244	25	26	27	16	24	118
Liberty	1407	12	12	175	251	336	236	375	1373	117	142	151	140	265	815
Nebo	481	9	7	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	481	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	289
North Davis	446	7	15	44	60	101	14	115	334	31	27	30	8	72	168
North Sanpete	710	10	7	62	50	178	67	118	475	37	17	56	16	80	206
North Weber	640	13	12	95	60	160	10	224	549	80	27	63	4	140	314
Ogden	848	11	11	95	144	252	55	299	845	64	66	106	23	192	451
Oquirrh	469	5	4	50	64	86	9	133	342	33	18	30	2	67	150
Pioneer	769	10	10	100	146	200	33	258	737	77	53	102	18	159	409
Roosevelt	320	12	4	30	40	13	59	.....	142	18	21	5	24	.....	68
St. George	680	14	10	117	192	170	62	181	722	67	126	69	44	74	380
Salt Lake	1072	13	13	138	143	260	145	301	987	90	73	114	55	196	528
South Davis	532	8	8	74	82	158	30	233	577	64	74	78	19	166	401
South Sevier	304	7	4	30	36	15	9	66	156	19	15	7	6	28	75
Summit	440	14	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	440	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	235
Tintic	271	5	4	28	39	7	26	67	177	3	4	4	5	6	22
Uintah	410	10	10	79	121	130	.....	139	469	54	76	74	.....	80	284
Weber	711	9	9	80	82	143	53	193	551	52	32	52	30	138	304
Bannock	242	6	4	27	57	30	9	46	169	14	19	16	6	18	73
Bear Lake	361	11	6	54	39	83	.....	69	245	26	19	34	.....	32	111
Curlew	124	10	4	26	21	18	.....	28	93	14	11	14	.....	20	59
Franklin	420	11	10	84	101	139	.....	180	504	43	51	56	.....	101	251
Fremont	661	14	14	124	209	169	35	221	758	91	150	75	26	190	532
Idaho	152	7	5	50	68	36	13	21	188	32	33	28	6	10	109
Idaho Falls	577	12	10	94	206	133	22	152	607	62	86	50	7	61	266
Lost River	136	3	2	11	30	.....	.....	18	59	9	14	.....	.....	11	34
Montpelier	367	13	10	79	96	110	6	129	420	36	35	35	3	56	165
Pocatello	561	10	9	92	92	136	18	157	495	62	47	75	9	92	285
Rigby	521	13	12	108	122	84	38	103	455	80	116	52	23	79	350
Shelley	320	9	5	47	44	22	10	51	174	28	23	13	.....	40	104
Yellowstone	370	10	10	64	98	87	.....	47	296	48	60	58	.....	55	221
Big Horn	322	7	6	53	77	50	41	73	294	30	24	54	16	45	169
Juarez	128	5	5	34	40	38	18	45	175	27	30	25	12	32	126
Lethbridge	223	9	9	57	67	68	15	59	266	38	44	30	10	36	156
Lyman	220	7	7	50	95	69	.....	86	300	36	81	56	.....	50	223
Maricopa	420	8	8	80	86	131	11	155	463	61	67	75	8	102	313
Moapa	234	9	6	47	64	54	10	76	251	30	24	17	5	42	118
Nevada	175	5	4	33	47	39	14	58	191	22	23	25	7	40	117
Snowflake	280	9	7	42	157	39	13	42	293	33	64	27	14	31	169
Woodruff	468	6	6	41	69	63	7	84	264	29	38	18	5	31	121
Young	102	6	6	30	29	45	14	43	161	30	21	41	13	42	147
Calif. Mission	990	33	31	192	300	196	30	169	887	160	225	140	7	100	632
N. W. States	500	...	....	37	93	54	12	23	219	30	61	20	15	5	131

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, April, 1927

STAKE	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	M Men	Reading Book of Mormon	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mtgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Bear River	8	6	8	9	8	7	9	9	9	9	82
Beaver	5	10	5	5	4	3	5	9	5	5	56
Box Elder	7	10	9	6	7	9	10	10	10	10	88
Deseret	10	6	9	10	9	8	10	10	7	8	87
Ensign	9	6	10	10	10	8	10	8	10	10	91
Kanab	10	5	5	7	5	6	10	10	7	7	72
Liberty	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	96
Nebo	10	6	10	8	9	1	8	7	10	9	78
North Davis	7	5	10	10	7	6	9	9	9	9	81
North Sanpete	7	4	10	10	10	5	10	7	5	5	73
North Weber	9	6	7	10	7	7	10	10	9	10	85
Ogden	10	5	10	10	9	8	10	10	10	10	92
Oquirrh	7	4	8	8	8	7	7	10	10	8	77
Pioneer	10	6	9	6	10	5	10	8	9	10	83
Roosevelt	4	5	2	----	----	3	4	4	4	3	29
St. George	10	5	10	8	8	6	8	7	----	10	72
Salt Lake	9	5	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	9	92
South Davis	10	10	10	9	10	9	9	9	10	10	96
South Sevier	5	5	6	6	6	4	7	5	4	4	52
Summit	10	5	10	10	6	10	8	8	10	7	84
Tintic	7	1	3	6	6	5	6	9	6	6	55
Uintah	10	6	10	5	8	8	9	9	10	8	83
Weber	8	6	10	6	9	8	7	5	10	10	79
Bannock	7	4	4	5	3	5	6	6	7	7	54
Bear Lake	7	5	5	2	3	5	5	5	2	3	43
Curlew	8	6	4	3	----	4	10	10	10	4	59
Franklin	10	5	10	8	6	7	10	10	8	9	83
Fremont	10	10	10	10	9	9	10	10	9	10	97
Idaho	10	6	10	9	8	8	10	9	8	10	88
Idaho Falls	10	4	8	7	7	5	10	9	8	8	76
Lost River	4	6	6	7	6	4	10	10	5	7	65
Montpelier	10	4	6	5	4	7	9	9	6	7	67
Pocatello	9	6	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	94
Rigby	9	10	8	8	5	8	8	9	8	5	78
Shelley	5	6	10	9	5	5	10	9	9	6	74
Yellowstone	8	10	8	3	4	9	9	9	10	8	78
Big Horn	9	6	10	10	9	7	6	8	6	8	79
Juarez	10	10	10	5	7	10	10	10	10	10	92
Lethbridge	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	96
Lyman	10	10	10	8	8	8	8	9	9	6	86
Maricopa	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Moapa	10	5	7	5	4	4	10	10	4	3	62
Nevada	10	6	8	8	8	6	10	10	7	4	77
Snowflake	10	6	8	7	7	7	8	7	6	7	73
Woodruff	6	5	10	10	8	5	7	9	8	7	75
Young	10	10	9	2	2	9	7	8	10	7	74
Calif. Mission	9	10	10	4	4	10	10	9	10	10	86
N. W. States	4	6	10	8	5	10	5	6	10	10	74

Passing Events

Captain George H. Wilkins, Arctic explorer, returned April 20, 1927, to Beechy Point, after an attempt to explore the unknown regions of the North Pole area. He left Point Barrow, Alaska, March 29, and has been missing since then, until his return to Beechy Point. A relief expedition consisting of Alger Graham, of Detroit, and an Eskimo guide, failed to locate him.

Hudson Maxim, the famous inventor, died at his home in Maxim Park, Lake Hopatcong, N. J., on May 6, 1927, 74 years old. The cause of death is given as cancer of the stomach and anemia. His physician and friends reported that about a year before his death, Mr. Maxim claimed that he and not Einstein, was the discoverer of the theory of relativity. A pamphlet on the subject remains uncompleted.

The statement of the U. S. Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew W. Mellon, March 17, 1927, concerning the war debts is declared inaccurate, in a note from the British government to Secretary of State Kellogg, delivered by a representative of the British embassy in Washington, May 4. The state department promptly advised the British government that the United States regards the recent correspondence between Secretary Mellon and President Hibben of Princeton University on war debts as a "purely domestic discussion" and does not desire to engage in any formal diplomatic exchanges on the subject.

Mrs. Louisa I. H. Francis, wife of A. W. Francis, of Morgan, Utah, died on Saturday, May 7, 1927, at the age of 59 years. She was born in Coalville, June 22, 1868, a daughter of Emma and Stuart Hutchinson. She is survived by five sons and one daughter. Three of her sons have filled missions in Australia. She was a true and faithful Latter-day Saint. Funeral services were held at the stake tabernacle, May 10, all the business houses of Morgan closing during the hour. Among the speakers was President H. M. Randall, of Morgan stake. Appropriate music, flowers and singing were presented. The grave was dedicated by Alonzo Francis.

A monument to 500 Utah pioneers was dedicated at the San Bernardino Valley ranch, May 1, 1927. Those pioneers arrived there 76 years ago under the leadership of Amasa M. Lyman and Charles O. Rich. The monument, built of concrete, was the gift of Fred Klein and Charles F. Reuther and their wives, owners of the ranch. It is erected on the site of the pioneer log stockade which was built as a protection against marauding Indians. Representatives from Utah included Elder Richard R. Lyman, who offered the dedicatory prayer; Mrs. Nancy Rich Pugmire, Mrs. Minerva Rich Woolley and William Lyman Rich, all descendants of the leaders of the pioneer band.

Mrs. Phoebe Neslen Ottinger, widow of former fire chief, George W. Ottinger, died, May 2, 1927, at the family home in Salt Lake City. She was born in Lowestoff, Suffolk county, England, Sept. 27, 1839, a daughter of Samuel and Eunice Frances Neslen. With her family she crossed the plains to Utah in 1853, settling in this city. In December, 1864, she married Mr. Ottinger and moved into the house where she died. Surviving are two sons, Captain Ottinger and J. S. Ottinger; three daughters, Mrs. George E. Romney and Mrs. A. M. Rust of this city, Mrs. Rowena O. Hatch of Heber City, 17 grandchildren, nine great-grandchildren and a sister, Mrs. John Sharp.

The death list in tornadoes and storms, which swept the Middle West

on May 7, 1927, and the following days, was reported to have grown to 219 on May 10, with more than 1,000 injured and a property loss amounting to millions of dollars. At Poplar Bluff, Mo., approximately 40 persons were killed on May 9, and an area of four blocks by five was destroyed. Not a single store building was left without being damaged. Thirty-nine children were injured, when a school building collapsed. At night the city was in darkness and the cries of women and children could be heard from all parts of the devastated section. From a number of places in Arkansas and Texas come reports of fatalities as a result of tornadoes.

Former U. S. Senator Albert Jeremiah Beveridge, eminent statesman, biographer and orator, died at Indianapolis, April 27, 1927, of heart ailment, at 64 years of age. Since his retirement from the senate in 1911, after 12 years' service, he has devoted his time to literary pursuits. He was writing *The Life of Abraham Lincoln* when death overtook him. In addition to his biographical works, he also produced many essays and treaties on involved political, religious and economic subjects. They ranged from *The Russian Advance,* 1903, to *The Bible as Good Reading,* 1905, and *The State and the Nation,* 1925. Finding time in 1916 to do a bit of war correspondence in Europe, he wrote *What is Back of the War,* following an interview with the German kaiser.

"Ruins of an old Toltec temple, supposed to be from 2000 to 5000 years old, has been discovered in the mountains in the province of Coche, in the republic of Panama, by the explorers, George Williams and Wallace Bain, according to a report dated April 22, 1927. The ruins indicated a temple with immense stone colunms, reminding of Egyptian. They found many weapons of flint and other kinds of stone, and, among other things, a candlestick of gold. At a depth of 15 feet they found a skeleton, in a coat of mail of copper, coated with gold 1/16 inch thick, and some solid gold plates. The two explorers carried part of these finds to the capital of Panama and returned to the place of discovery, to continue the excavations."—*Svenska Amerikanaren,* April 28, 1927.

From New York to Paris in thirty-three hours and ten minutes. That was the victorious jump of Captain Charles Lindbergh, 25, who left New York to Paris Friday, 7:52 a. m., May 20, 1927, and landed safely at Le Bourget field, Paris, France, at 5:21 p. m., eastern daylight time, May 21; 10:21 p. m. Paris time. As mechanics dragged him from the cockpit of *The Spirit of St. Louis,* the name of his ship, his first words were, "Am I in Paris?" "You are here," they told him. In the meantime, the crowd picked him up, with exultant yells from thousands of Gallic throats. When his mother, Evangeline Lodge Lindbergh, Detroit, Michigan, heard of his safe arrival, she said these four words, "That's all that matters." "Slim" Lindbergh, as he is called, has achieved a great victory, and has written a new chapter in aviation history.

Two fliers were killed, April 26, 1927, at Newport News Va., when the giant biplane, in which they intended to cross the Atlantic, essayed to make a landing in a marsh. The plane flopped over, and the airmen, trapped in the cockpit, were drowned in mud and water. The victims were Lieutenant Commander Noel Davis, a native of Salt Lake City, and Lieutenant Stanton Wooster, naval aviators. The plane was carrying a load of 16,000 pounds. Attempting their first flight in the plane with such a load, Davis and Wooster succeeded in getting the ship off the ground. When about fifty feet in the air it made one turn, then settled toward the earth. The plane made a good landing in a marsh near Messick, a fishing village on Black river, but after going about 125 feet through the mud, its tail lifted high in the air and it flopped over.

Captain Samuel Paul, at one time chief of police of Salt Lake City,

passed away at his home in this City, April 21, 1927, while talking with Congressman E. O. Leatherwood, who paid him a visit. They were sitting in the front room. Captain Paul talked about his pension, and handed the congressman his discharge from the Union Army. While Mr. Leatherwood was reading the paper, he heard a sigh and a gasp, and when he looked up, the aged veteran had already passed to the Great Beyond. Members of the family, including Dr. Samuel G. Paul, his son, were summoned. The deceased was born in Colraine, Ireland, Feb. 20, 1836, and came to Utah in 1870 as deputy marshal under U. S. Marshal M. T. Patrick. In 1890 he was appointed supervisor of streets, and the chief of police under Mayor Baskin. He figured prominently in Masonic circles.

Fifty thousand people have been rendered homeless through floods, the Mississippi having broken through the levees in several places. On April 20, 1927, it was estimated that 6,250 square miles, or four million acres, were inundated. The states affected are Arkansas, Missouri, Mississippi, and, to a lesser extent, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee and Louisiana. Among the cities severely hit are Clarendon, Pine Bluff and Little Rock, and many smaller communities. On April 22, it was estimated that 75,000 persons were rendered homeless, and that 7,500 square miles were under water. The flood is said to be the most disastrous on record in that region. An appeal is made from Washington for $5,000,000 for the relief of the stricken inhabitants. President Coolidge, on May 2, in a proclamation, asked for $10,000,000 for the relief of flood sufferers.

American Falls dam was officially recorded as one of the Government's reclamation projects, on April 21. The ceremony of presenting the dam for acceptance was carried out before the cornerstone at its base. A. E. Paddock, who superintended its construction and who acted as the representative of the Utah Construction company, its builders, tendered the project, and it was accepted by Superintendent F. A. Banks of the United States bureau of reclamation, representing the government. Erected at a cost of $3,000,000, the American Falls dam is the outstanding physical feature of a reclamation plant representing an investment of $8,000,000. It was erected by the bureau of reclamation, with the cooperation of twenty-three irrigation districts, companies and individuals. It is nearly a mile in length and more than two years was consumed in its construction.

Judge Noel S. Pratt died May 12, 1927, after ten days' illness, caused by rheumatism, from which he had suffered for many years. Judge Pratt, born in Salt Lake, December 25, 1888, was the son of Mathoni and Elizabeth Sheets Pratt. He attended the public schools of Salt Lake and later the L. D. S. U., the University of Utah and the University of Oregon. He received his law degree at the latter institution. In February of 1923 he married Miss Elise Peterson of Logan. They have no children. An active member of the L. D. S. Church, Judge Pratt was at one time secretary of the tabernacle choir and always took an interest in Church activities. Surviving are his widow, his father and the following brothers and sisters: M. W. Pratt, Jr., of Driggs, Idaho; Harold S. Pratt of Stone, Idaho; Orson S. Pratt, Mrs. Florence Pratt Evans and Mrs. Pearl Pratt Constanio, all of Salt Lake.

To fly across the Atlantic, from Paris to New York, was the aim of Captain Charles Nungesser and Lieutenant Francis Coli, who took the air at 5:18 a. m., Sunday, May 8, 1927, in the plane, *The White Bird*. Their route lay over Honfleur, whence Champlain, 324 years ago, sailed for the conquest of the new world. Thence they planned to skirt the southern cost line of England, pass over Fastnet, Ireland, and after following a great circle on their way across the North Atlantic, pick up early Monday the Newfoundland coast. From there, said Lieutenant Coli, "it is the plainest

kind of sailing"—down the New England coast to Mitchell field, where, if luck holds, they will come to earth some time around noon Monday. But nothing had been heard from them on Wednesday, May 11, and it was feared that they had met with disaster. On May 19, it was reported that an airplane wing had been picked up by a coast guard cutter near Montauk Point, Conn.

Wm. Charles Spence, for many years engaged in the transportation department of the Church offices, passed away in Los Angeles, May 9, 1927. He retired from his work in 1924, and has since then spent much of his time in California. He was born in London, England, December 3, 1851, the son of John and Marjorie Lisk Spence. When he was twelve years of age he accompanied his parents to the United States, crossing the plains to Utah by ox team. Early in his career he was appointed by Brigham Young to a position in the Church offices. In 1881, he was made transportation agent and had charge of arranging for travel of missionaries and converts of the Church. He served as a city councilman about twenty-five years ago during the administration of Mayor Ezra Thompson. He remained an active business man up to the time of his retirement. He had been in ill health for some time, never completely recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia last year.

The log cabin occupied in 1862 by the late President Charles W. Penrose and his family was dedicated, April 24, 1927, by President Heber J. Grant, for the Daughters of Pioneers of Davis county, Utah, in the presence of a large audience. The cabin, which is situated in Farmington, Davis county, Utah, is to be used as a hall of relics. President Grant related many incidents from the life of President Penrose, both humorous and serious. The services were presided over by Mrs. Oleen Rice. The opening prayer was offered by Elder H. H. Blood. After President Grant's address, Mrs. Grant spoke of her residence in Farmington when she taught school there. "Aunt" Zina Young Card lauded the Daughters of the Pioneers and spoke feelingly of President Charles W. Penrose. Among those introduced to the audience was Mrs. Amy Burnham, a daughter of President Penrose, born in the cabin. Many sons and daughters and grandchildren of President Penrose were present.

A new declaration of principles was announced by President Coolidge April 25, in an address before newspaper men in New York, when he said the United States has the responsibility of "discouraging" revolutions in the countries north of Panama, and to encourage settlement of political difference by the peaceful method of elections. Regarding the Mexican question, the President stated that the main difference between the two countries concerned the right of a government to seize the property of aliens. He said, in part: "We do not question their right to take any property, provided they pay fair compensation. With their efforts to secure a division of great estates, so that more of their people may be land owners, we have every sympathy. We have even agreed that our government would accept the bonds of the Mexican government in payment for damages awarded by the commission for land taken for this purpose. Of course, we do not want any controversy with Mexico. We feel every sympathy with her people in their distress and have every desire to assist them." President Calles in Mexico thinks this statement has prepared the way for a satisfactory settlement of the controversy by means of negotiations. In Rome a different view is expressed. *Il Tevere* says America's new world role is that of a policeman guaranteeing the *status quo.* The paper believes that the United States will submerge Latin civilization of South America, economically if not politically, unless the Latin element is capable of successful resistance.

The problem of tri-secting an angle has been solved by Professor Bertice G. Hastings, of Seattle, according to a statement by the *Houston, Texas, Chronicle*, May 4, 1927. The solution is: "Construct a right angle and on the sides of the right angle lay off equal sects, with any radius and its double. Then complete the three squares, or two rectangles with a common unit square. With the sides of the rectangle as a radius, describe an arc of the right angle. Where this arc intersects the sides of the rectangles will be the points of trisection of the arc of the right angle. Connect with the vertex of the angle and three angles of thirty degrees are formed. This is easily proved by the sines of the angles. Since the trisector is double the side of the square, this ratio is one-half, or .05000, which is the sine of thirty degrees."

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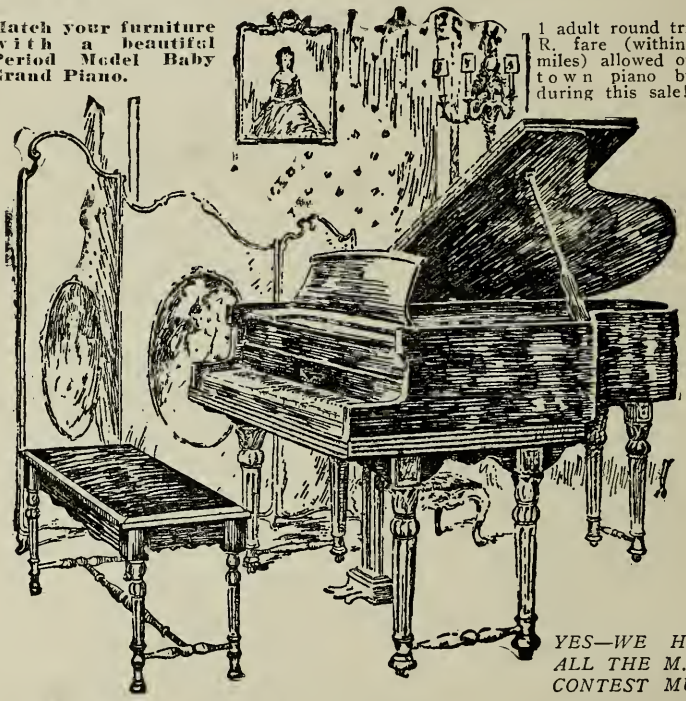

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Then there's the sophisticated cuss who tries to shift gears on a flivver.—*Perrins.*

* * *

Take care of the presents and the future will take care of itself.—*Perrins.*

* * *

"*How was the barbers'* ball last night?"
"Well, I stayed until a fellow committed herpicide; then I decided that the party was getting too dandruff."—*L. F.*

* * *

Minister: "When those young men in the rear get through flirting with the girls, I hope they will give me a chance."
And the congregation smiled.—*L. F.*

* * *

In Sunday school a little colored boy was asked to repeat the text, "Be not afraid, it is I."
Standing, he said, "Don't anybody git askeered, it's only me."—*L. F.*

* * *

"*Is the world round?*" a school ma'am asked the little boy.
"No'm."
"It isn't, eh; is it flat then?"
"No'm; Pop says it is crooked."
—L. S

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HUMOROUS HINTS

Submarine men are deep thinkers.—*Perrins.*

* * *

Mother: "Benny, did you try to remember the Golden Rule today while you were at play?

Benny: "Yes, mother, I did till we played football. Can't use it there without killing the game plumb dead."—*D. C. R.*

* * *

Billy: "Pa, didn't you tell me that it is wrong to strike anyone smaller than myself?"

Father: "Yes, my son. It is cowardly as well as wrong."

Billy: "Well, will you write a note to my teacher and tell her so? She don't know it."—*D. C. R.*

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Son, the key to success doesn't fit a night-latch.—*Fort Worth Star-Telegram.*

* * *

Poulterer says the male goose is the best behaved of all domestic fowls. Sounds like proper gander.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

* * *

Jim: "Wonder why Bang's speech 'fell' when he was half through?"
Tim: "Guess it was scarcity of air—he's an aviator, you know."—*D. C. R.*

* * *

Mother: "How do you like the teacher?"
Johnny: (First day at school.) "She's funny. All the things she asked me I didn't know."—*D. C. R.*

* * *

Forty thousand germs are said to be transferred with each good-night kiss. The scientifically educated flapper, when her sweetie asks for a good-night kiss, will reply, "Don't bacilli!"—*Chicago Daily News.*

* * *

A Chicago university professor says the modern fashions are an aid to love. He must mean calf love.—*El Paso Times.*

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By saying "Yes,"—Any man can start a proposal, but it takes a girl to finish it.—*Perrins.*

* * *

Money made the mare go, but it's credit that runs a lot of motor-cars.—*Wall Street Journal.*

* * *

Correct this sentence:—"Yes, my wife always finds time to sew buttons on my clothes. I never have to use pins or nails."

* * *

Mary: "Julia says she has traced her ancestry back to Miles Standish."
Sara: "That's easy. Standish is dead, he can't contradict her."—*D. C. R.*

* * *

What's become of the old-fashioned fellow who used to ASK for kisses before taking 'em?—*Perrins.*

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After ten years of trying to put over their merger, we are beginning to understand the significance of the Van Sweringen's boys' name.—*American Lumberman.*

* * *

Let us not forget that a good deal of our prosperous appearance is due to driving a mortgaged car over a bonded road.—*American Lumberman.*

* * *

One trouble with the country is that it wants to raise nothing but cotton and wear nothing but silk.—*American Lumberman.*

* * *

The part of an auto that causes more accidents than any other is the nut that holds the sterring wheel.

* * *

Teacher: "So you admit that you wrote on the blackboard that I'm a fool. Well, at least, I am glad that you are truthful."

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"The son shall shine tonight," cried the father as he poured radio-light on his boy's head.—*Perrins.*

* * *

(Son coming home from scout meeting): "Pa, I'm a tenderfoot."
(Hard hearing father): "Son, you'd better go soak it in salt and water."
—*Perrins.*

* * *

Teacher: "And why, Tommy, have you been unable to do any outside studying?"
Student: "Gee, teacher, how can you expect a fella' to study outside this cold weather?"—*A. H.*

* * *

Teacher (to talkative class): "Every time I open my mouth some fool speaks."

* * *

Her Bow—Then there's the stenographer who ties bows on her typewriter ribbons.—*Perrins.*

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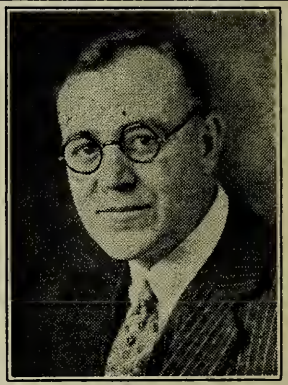

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